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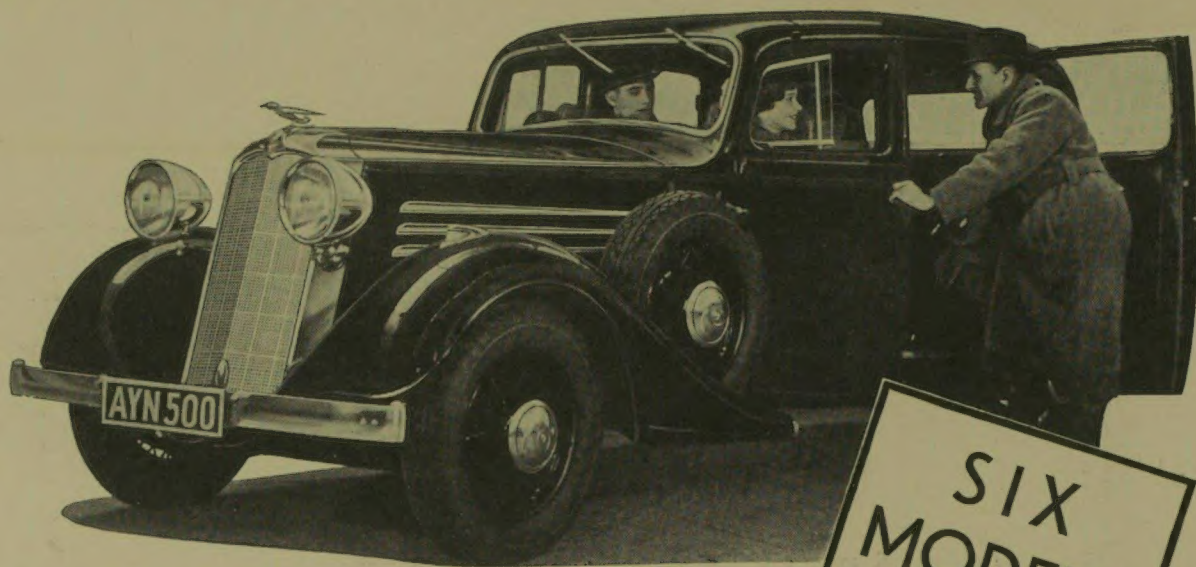
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1934.



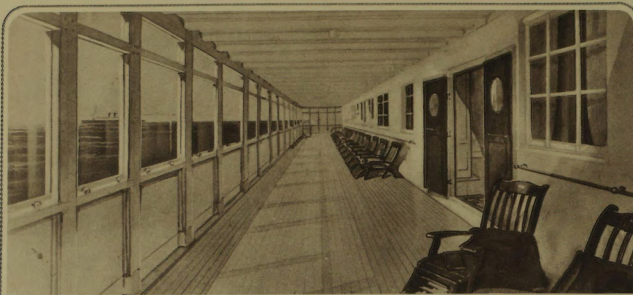
## THE BURNING OF THE "MORRO CASTLE" AT THE END OF A PLEASURE CRUISE: THE SHIP ON FIRE OFF THE NEW JERSEY COAST—A DISASTER WITH A DEATH-ROLL OF OVER 130.

The United States liner "Morro Castle," returning to New York from a pleasure cruise to Cuba, was destroyed by fire early on September 8 off the New Jersey coast. According to the latest figures at the moment of writing, she had on board 557 persons, of whom 237 passengers and 187 of the crew survived. The dead were estimated at 133, and 116 bodies had been found. Among the first ships to arrive in response to an S.O.S. call was the British liner "Monarch of

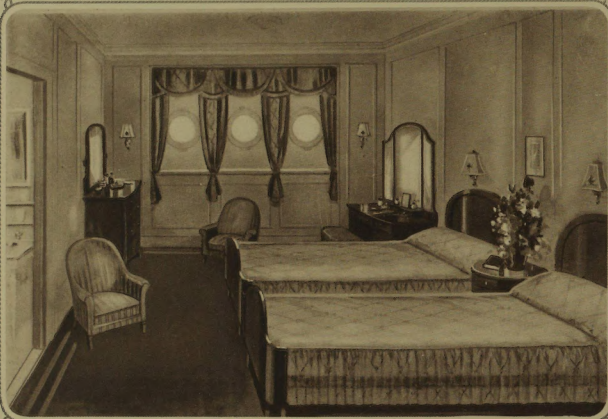
Bermuda," which rescued 71 survivors. Airmen flew low round the blazing ship to locate people in the water. The gutted vessel eventually grounded off Asbury Park, New Jersey, and subsequently explosions occurred on board. At an inquiry held by the U.S. Department of Commerce, the acting-captain, Mr. William F. Warms, made sensational suggestions as to the origin of the fire. An investigation before a grand jury was also announced.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM DETAILS WIRELESSED FROM AMERICA





THE PROMENADE DECK, ON WHICH THERE WAS ABUNDANT ROOM FOR LOUNGING, EXERCISE, AND DECK SPORTS AND GAMES; ITS AFTER END ENCLOSED WITH GLASS CASEMENTS AND USED AS A DECK BALL-ROOM, WITH PICTURESQUE SHIP'S LANTERNS TO ILLUMINATE THE DANCE.



A STATEROOM DE LUXE OF THE "MORRO CASTLE"; SHOWING THE EXTREME COMFORT AND LUXURY WITH WHICH SHE COULD ACCOMMODATE PASSENGERS: AN APARTMENT WITH UNUSUALLY HIGH CEILING, RUGS OF HEAVY PILE, LIGHTING BY LARGE OUTSIDE WINDOWS, AND ADJOINING PRIVATE BATH.



THE FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE, PLACED ON THE PROMENADE DECK AND FURNISHED TO THE LAST DETAIL IN THE LOUIS XVI. STYLE: A ROOM SUBTENDED BY A MEZZANINE, WITH A WELL-OPENING, AROUND WHICH WAS A BRONZE RAILING IN DETAIL APPROPRIATE TO THE PERIOD.

## THE "MORRO CASTLE" DISASTER: APPOINTMENTS—DESIGNED

THESE illustrations show in detail the furnishings aboard the United States liner "Morro Castle," of the Ward Line, which caught fire off New Jersey in the early hours of September 8, and was finally beached, still burning, at Asbury Park. They show how exceptionally luxurious were the interior appointments of the liner, which was equipped with every facility for cruising in tropical waters. Like her sister-ship, the "Oriente," the "Morro Castle," built in 1930, was of twin-screw turbo-electric oil-burning type, weighing 11,520 tons gross and capable of maintaining a cruising speed of twenty knots. She was 808 feet long, and her



THE FOYER, INTO WHICH OPENED TWO PASSENGER PUBLIC SPACE ON BOARD THE "MORRO CASTLE," ALL CENTRAL SOURCE, ENSURING COOL OR



THE DINING-SALOON, APPROACHED FROM A LARGE HUNDRED PEOPLE AT A TIME: A BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL A WELL-OPENING SUPPORTED

beam of 70 feet 9 inches afforded spacious public rooms, private staterooms and suites, and unusually large deck space for the use of passengers. Private quarters for passengers were exceedingly luxurious. Most of the staterooms were outside rooms, with running hot and cold water, mechanical ventilation and heating by the Thermo System, and having telephones and electric reading-lamps. A considerable number of the staterooms had private bath-rooms adjoining. The ship was equipped throughout with safety devices. She had radio sending and receiving sets, radio direction-finders,

## THE LUXURY LINER'S INTERIOR FOR PLEASURE - CRUISERS.

automatic electric fire-alarms, automatically operated fire-doors, electrically controlled bulkhead doors, automatic detecting and chemical fire-extinguishing systems, Sperry gyroscopes, and such other devices as are usual in liners of modern construction. The Ward Line claimed that she was as safe a vessel as any afloat. And in this connection may be mentioned that at the time of writing, before the official inquiry into the cause of the disaster had completed its investigations, the origin of the fire was a mystery; but on various grounds there were some suspicions of incendiarism. Further details and illustrations are given on other pages. Incl-

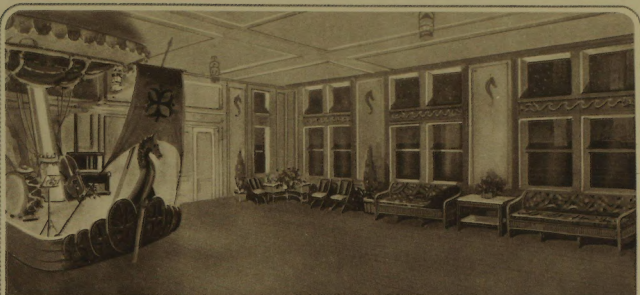


LIFTS SERVING ALL DECKS: AN EXAMPLE OF THE OF WHICH WAS HEATED AND VENTILATED FROM A WARM AIR ACCORDING TO THE WEATHER.

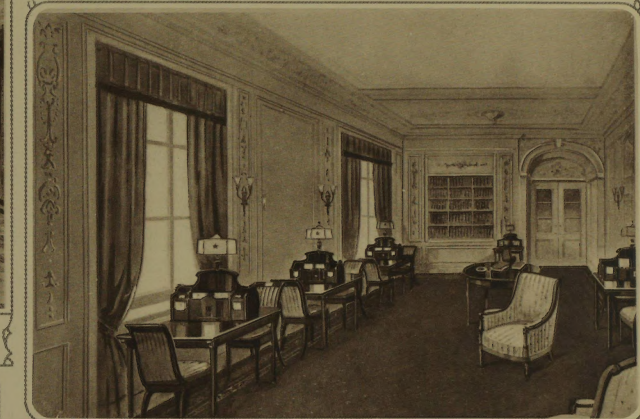


LOBBY ON D DECK AND ABLE TO SEAT OVER TWO ROOM, HAVING, LIKE THE LOUNGE, A MEZZANINE WITH BY COLUMNS.

dentally, we may add that on the new Gunader, "No. 534," safety devices will be such as to render her, with the co-operation of all concerned, immune from serious damage by fire. The whole ship is divided into a hundred "fire zones." Each of these can be isolated at a moment's notice by sliding steel doors, electrically operated and controlled from the bridge. There an indicator shows immediately if fire has broken out, and in what zone the outbreak is. The minimum of woodwork is used throughout, and what wood there is will be treated with fire-resisting chemicals.



THE BALL-ROOM, AT THE AFTER END OF THE PROMENADE DECK, ADJOINING A VERANDAH CAFÉ WHERE DANCERS AND ONLOOKERS COULD BE SERVED WITH REFRESHMENTS: A DANCING PLACE DECORATED WITH A SEA-HORSE MOTIF AND HAVING SPECIAL LIGHTING FACILITIES.



THE WRITING-ROOM, ADJACENT TO THE LOUNGE ON THE PROMENADE DECK ON THE PORT SIDE, WHILE A SIMILAR ROOM, DESIGNED AS A LIBRARY, WAS ON THE STARBOARD SIDE: A PAINTED ROOM IN CLASSIC FRENCH DETAIL, WITH FURNITURE OF EMPIRE STYLE.



THE FIRST-CLASS SMOKING-ROOM, FURNISHED IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE: A ROOM WHERE THE WOOD USED WAS WALNUT, WITH THE CEILING SOFFITS AND PANELS DECORATED IN GOLD AND COLOUR—AN ARCHED SEMI-CIRCULAR SKYLIGHT OVERHEAD.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MANY persons, for many reasons, would still perhaps object to hearing the present phase of the progressive modern world described as The Age of Tyrants. There might be some dispute about the meaning of the term; there might even be some surprise at the statement that it was not originally a term of abuse. It is sometimes worth while to pause upon the derivation of a word, so long as we do not identify it with the meaning of a word. A Pontiff is not now commonly discovered laying bricks, in the act of building a bridge; but it is well not to forget that bridge-building could be pontifical, in the sense of sacred. If we forget it, a bridge will break down between the ancient and the modern world, which will be worse than London Bridge being broken down or Waterloo Bridge being rather casually removed. It would be a practical miscalculation to suppose that any man is chivalrous, merely because he has put his shirt on a horse. But it would be a deeper miscalculation, about the actual

to unity and a claim to unite the whole people. Yet he almost inevitably divides some people very drastically from other people. He is loved and hated; perhaps he has to be hated in order to be loved. So Napoleon was slandered and detested to the point of devilry; so he was adored and followed to the point of death. So Mussolini is to some a monster and to others a Messiah. In this the Dictator has both an advantage and a disadvantage, as compared with the general and peaceful loyalty commonly felt for the hereditary king. And the same is true, in another way, in the comparison with what is called popular government, but should often be called, rather, parliamentary government. Though my own instincts are democratic, I gravely doubt in the modern world whether popular government has been popular. It would be truer to say that it has been impersonal. Modern democracies did not so intensely hate their rulers because they loved their rulers, but rather because they did not know which of them to hate.

optimistic modern experiments. Children could be taken over by the State; marriages could be dissolved by the State; regulations of hygiene and higher education could be forced on every household and every human being, on the theory that the State must be more humane than a mere human being. Almost all men felt that they could confide everything to the State, because they could confide everything to Humanity. Not all men feel as yet that they could confide everything to Hitler.

Even Hitlerites must have a dim suspicion that Hitler could do a good many things that they would not like. But it was the very essence of the Utopian epoch that the humanitarians hazily assumed that Humanity would never really do anything that *they* would not like. They had made an ideal picture of the Spirit of Progress, which consisted entirely of doing all the things that they did like. The sharp return to personal government means that men are



THE "MORRO CASTLE": THE 11,520-TON UNITED STATES LINER WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE OFF THE NEW JERSEY COAST, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE—A DRAWING SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE DECKS.

The "Morro Castle," a liner of twin-screw turbo-electric oil-burning type, was built at Newport News, Virginia, in 1930 by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. She was owned by the Ward Line and managed by the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company,

which maintains frequent sailings between New York and Havana and between New York and Vera Cruz by way of Havana and Progreso. At the time of the disaster on September 8 she was returning to New York from a holiday cruise with a total complement of 557.

history of chivalry, to forget that it did in fact take the form of a man putting his coat-armour on a horse. And at this moment, that part of the history of the word "tyrant" which is specially ancient is very specially modern. In ancient Greek, as distinct from modern English, a tyrant was not execrable as a tyrant, though he might perhaps be execrable as a usurper. In the original sense, the tyrant was in a sense contrasted with the king. He was an autocrat who was not an aristocrat. That is, he was a despot who did not rule by the right of family or pedigree, but only by some reason of personality. In short, the ancient world meant by a Tyrant very much what the modern world means by a Dictator. But few will deny that the modern world has followed the ancient world, in so far as the Dictator has returned.

But there is another way in which the modern world testifies to the double meaning of the word, and to the mixture of the ancient and the modern meaning of tyranny. It is a truth which we all feel in reading ancient history, and even the greater part of human history. Yet it is not very easy to define, and perhaps it is best suggested in some quite flippant and popular phrase like "ups and downs," or even "you take your chance." It is not merely that a good tyrant may be a good king, but a bad tyrant must be a bad king. It is not even that a good tyrant may turn into a bad tyrant, as was commonly said of Tiberius and was very largely true of Henry VIII. It is also that something in the very pretensions of a tyrant makes it almost certain that he will be regarded both as good and bad. It is a paradox, for the Dictator almost always appears with an appeal

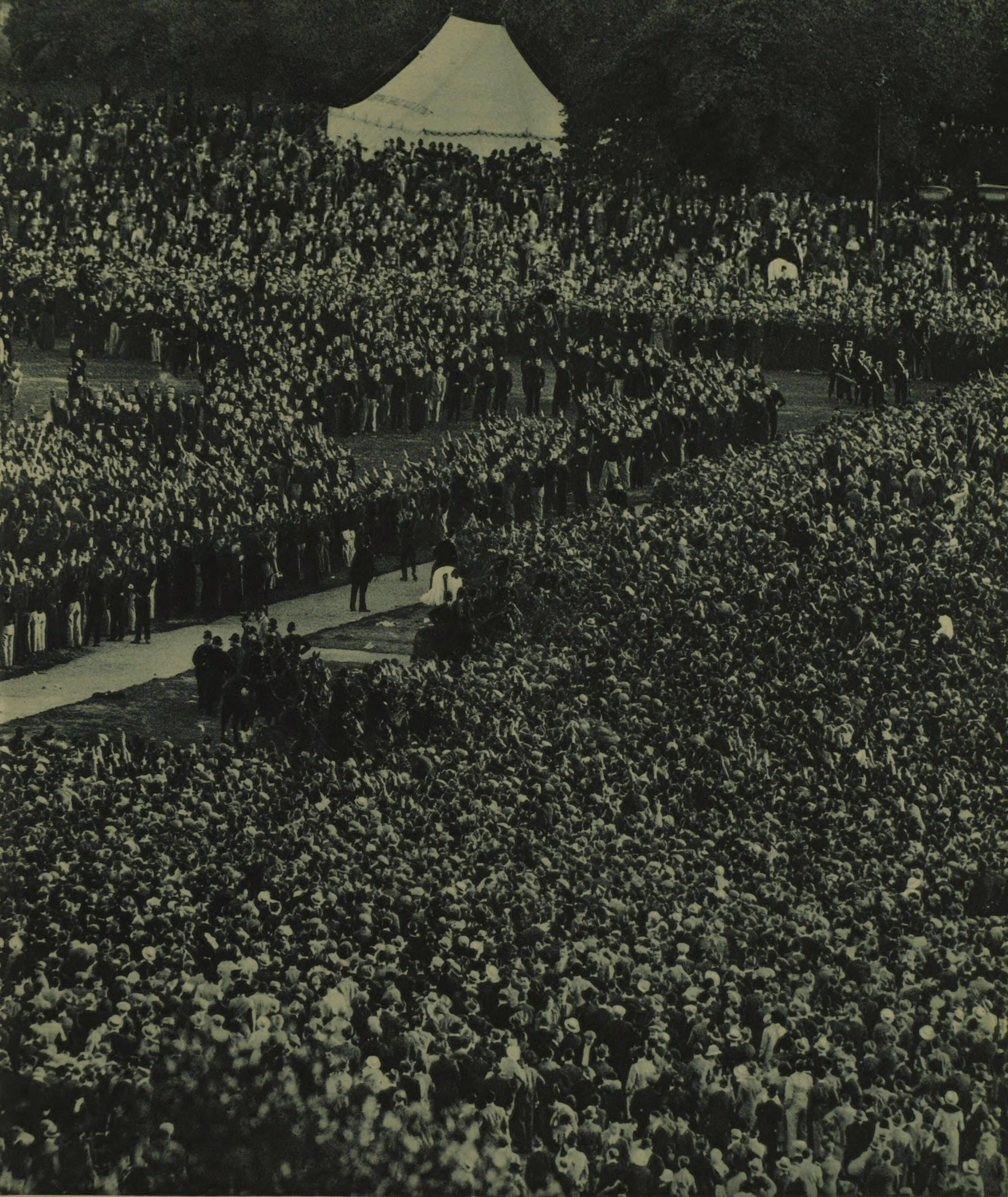
And though it was a peace of bewilderment, rather than a peace of contentment, it was a peace. When the Napoleon appears, it is war; either war for Napoleon or war against him. But, anyhow, the change from impersonal to personal government will produce some profound and far-reaching results, which I fancy have not yet crossed the minds of the supporters of either of them.

One result is a paradox, and rather a queer one. The modern Dictators nearly all tell us to trust the State, but one of their first effects will be to make us distrust the State. The reason is really rather curious. While the polity was impersonal, it was vaguely trusted as if it were ideal, even though the politicians were obviously untrustworthy. Never had men really hoped so much from the State as during those recent periods when there were no statesmen. The Age of Utopias, which came just before the Age of Tyrants, the age when Wells and William Morris and the Fabians were describing the perfect community into which we should soon evolve, was a period in which everybody believed in improvement, because it was impersonal improvement. It seemed to be a general assumption that the State would grow greater and stronger by its own strength; that the Republic would turn into the New Republic merely by growing old. Time alone was needed to produce a Good Time Coming; and the burden of numberless solemn sociological works was uttered in the contemporary comic chorus of "Now we shan't be long." This feeling that an impersonal State was becoming an ideal State, that it grew more mild and merciful merely because it grew modern, led to many very

bound to realise that a person will not always agree with all of them, for a person is the most perverse thing in the world. The result in the long run, I think, will be the very opposite result to that which Hitler and his kind are supposed to be seeking. Out of the ages, out of the ancient abysses, there will arise again, side by side, the tyrant and the distrust of the tyrant. Men will no longer believe in a Utopia to suit everybody, when they have seen the actual good and evil of a special social reconstruction made to suit somebody. The modern attitude to the new Dictators will be exactly like the ancient attitude to the old despots. Despotism will teach them, exactly what democracy ought to teach them, that men are only men. They may even admire the new despots, as men often admired the old despots; they may even support the despotism as better than some other alternative despotism; as a choice of evils or a taking of chances. But they know already that the future will be full of the choice of evils and the taking of chances. In other words, the future will be just as patchy as the past.

This is true, I think, apart from our own patchy opinions about this or that individual. Personally, I think that the civilised, if sometimes cynical, genius of Mussolini began what we call Fascism, and that the parody by Hitler will very probably end it. But the real modern mood, the most modern of all moods, will still be one from which the glamour of Utopia has gone. And the result may well be an actual arrest of the abstract arrogance of the State. Even Prussians might hesitate to give to Prussia all the powers they were willing to give to Utopia.





**THE FASCIST DEMONSTRATION AND THE ANTI-FASCIST COUNTER-DEMONSTRATION: THE "NO-MAN'S LAND" IN HYDE PARK, DIVIDING THE TWO PARTIES FROM ONE ANOTHER AND KEPT BY THE POLICE.**

The Fascist demonstration and the anti-Fascist counter-demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday, September 9, yielded one more proof of the fact that the British people retain their sense of proportion; for, taking it as a whole, the event passed off without any incident that could be regarded as in the least serious. The crowd was essentially orderly and good-humoured; and the official organisation was such that the two Parties concerned were divided from one another by a "No-Man's Land" kept by mounted and foot police. In this connection, it is interesting to quote from the "Evening Standard" the message sent to the United States by Mr. Will

Rogers, the shrewd American humorist, observer, and journalist, whose comments are printed in six hundred of his country's papers. He cabled from London: "The English are the smartest white people there is; they'll never have Communism, Fascism, Hitlerism or nudism in this country. They have a park here—Hyde Park—which was just built for people that are 'agin' something. Yesterday I was there when it had the biggest crowd that has ever been there. The Blackshirts were holding their meeting. Two hundred yards away the Communists were holding theirs. And in between was all of London laughing at both of them."



# ON THE BRINK.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE BERLIN DIARIES": Edited by DR. HELMUT KLOTZ.\*

(PUBLISHED BY JARROLD'S.)

THIS book must be approached with caution. One can readily understand that circumstances may disable the editor from demonstrating the authenticity of his compilation; nevertheless, it is elementary that evidence which is anonymous in origin and which, by admission, has been manipulated, cannot be admitted in any serious judgment of issues, however plausible it may be. A book which, *ex hypothesi*, cannot establish its own good faith does not necessarily rest under the imputation of bad faith; but it is self-condemned to remain ambiguous and unauthoritative.

The period covered by these "diaries" extends from the dismissal of Chancellor Brüning to the accession of Chancellor Hitler. For the better recollection of the reader, we will briefly summarise the principal events of that period. On March 13, 1932, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg was elected to the Presidency for the second time. On May 31, Dr. Brüning was abruptly dismissed from the Chancellorship in circumstances which have never been clearly explained. Herr von Papen succeeded to office, and in July brought off what has come to be known as the "Rape of Prussia." At the end of the same month, a General Election showed a substantial increase in the Nazi vote, and Herr Hitler was offered the Vice-Chancellorship, but refused any office lower than the highest. In December 1932, Herr von Papen, who had lost the confidence of all parties, was succeeded by General von Schleicher. In January 1933, Hitler and von Papen came to an understanding, and at the end of January Hitler was appointed Chancellor, with von Papen as Vice-Chancellor.

The "diaries" supply a running commentary on these events, and on the persons concerned in them. Who was the diarist?

Dr. Klotz, who is living in exile, informs us that the principal material was sent to him by "a German War Office General," who desired its publication "so that the world may not run blindly into the chaos which is bound to overwhelm it if the Brown usurpers have their way." If, in fact, a General was concerned in this (for a soldier) not very pretty transaction, it is surprising that his identity was not immediately apparent, for there cannot have been many people who answered to the description of the putative author. Mr. E. A. Mowrer, author of the well-known "Germany Puts the Clock Back," who contributes a preface to this volume, seems to treat the "General" as a convenient and necessary fiction. "Woven into" the diaries, Dr. Klotz goes on to tell us, "is a great number of official documents, of protocols, of letters and suggestions for letters, of other notes, as well as private information from persons with whom the General was connected by military, political, and purely human ties." Nothing could be vaguer than this "weaving." A little later we are told that "it was . . . a group of officers . . . who were my collaborators."

In Germany, suspicion has fallen on General von Schleicher, and it is freely stated that complicity in the publication of these *arcana* was, in part, the cause of his assassination in the official pogrom of last June. But this cannot well be, for of the many references to General von Schleicher in the "diaries," most are extremely unfavourable. Yet Dr. Klotz tells us that "General von Schleicher influenced to some extent specific parts of the Diaries, but his collaboration (if one can use the word) is limited to his having allowed me to see various material before the 15th February, 1933." We find it impossible to thread our way among origins so heterogeneous, contradictory, and cryptic.

Clearly, a book which purports to be a serious contribution to contemporary history must come before the public with better credentials than this. Nevertheless, it is not without value. It is probably to the "group of officers" that we should attribute its true provenance, for in every line it breathes the soldier's antipathy to the politician. The picture of government is one of utter demoralisation. Mr. Mowrer does not exaggerate when he writes: "The supposed author reveals how the German democracy was done to death by a group of 'gentlemen,' who succeeded in corrupting the mind of the officials, sworn to defend the Constitution of Weimar. It is a tale of unrelieved indecision, jealousy, cowardice, conspiracy, and simple corruption." The "diarist" sums up the whole scene as "a heart-uplifting dog-fight." "We are ruled by intrigue. Everybody is trying to unseat his neighbour. The time when a man's word could be taken in Germany is long past."

No single public personage escapes the lash. Hitler is a neurotic as well as an unscrupulous demagogue, with

a consuming lust for personal power. He is "quite incapable of listening; he goes on speaking all the time as if he were addressing a public meeting. . . . Hitler's volubility is surpassed only by his poverty of thought." Goering is "a disgusting swaggerer, behind whom there is nothing at all but bluff, brutality, and a certain gift for oratory; most pushing and importunate, too." Schleicher "is the man who for years has pulled the strings of German politics from behind the scenes, confused them, disintegrated them, and confused them anew." As for Goebbels, "I believe there is nothing that the fellow can't twist to mean its opposite. Physically a dwarf, intellectually a giant. But a giant only in the art of pulling down, of destruction. A Mephistopheles!" Perhaps the greatest measure of con-



SHOULDER SPADES! MEMBERS OF THE VOLUNTARY LABOUR CORPS PARADING PAST THE FÜHRER (GIVING SALUTE; CENTRE) AT THE GREAT NAZI PARTY RALLY AT NUREMBERG.



HERR HITLER CONGRATULATING HERR RUDOLF HESS, HIS DEPUTY (RIGHT): THE NAZI RALLY AT NUREMBERG, WHICH WAS OPENED BY HERR HESS.

The Nazi Party rally was officially opened at Nuremberg on September 5 by Herr Rudolf Hess. A rumour that Herr Hess, who is the Führer's deputy as leader of the Nazis, was also to be appointed to represent him in the other offices which he holds, was denied on September 6. On that day Herr Hitler reviewed a parade of 52,000 members of the Voluntary Labour Corps, and "in his speech hinted that a measure of labour conscription might soon be introduced. The volunteers, wearing smart grey-green uniforms, were each equipped with a spade, and a long column of them marched past at the goose-step.

tempt is poured on von Papen, "that unfortunate mixture of arrogance, dilettantism, and the gambling instinct," who is represented as the most despicable kind of time-server and lickspittle.

The most damaging charges of all are brought against the late President, who is accused of having sold the pass, in conformity with a whole career of "letting down" those who most deserved his support. It is alleged that President von Hindenburg was concerned, above all else,

with defending the agrarian interests of his caste. The East Prussian Relief Fund, a form of State-aid to large landholders, had (as now seems incontestable) become a grave and open scandal. The President is charged with having resisted all attempts to reform it, with having dismissed Brüning for refusing to allow it to go on, and with having accepted Hitler in return for a promise to hush the matter up. The last entry in the "diary" is: "In the year 1806 a Prussian major was sentenced by court-martial to death. He had delivered the fortress of Spandau into the hands of the advancing French Army without being pressed and without striking a blow. That man was Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg. World history and the history of noble families conspire to produce strange parallels!"

We do not attempt to appraise these appraisals. We well believe—indeed, we feel no doubt—that in the critical year 1932 every kind of intrigue and complot made merry in German politics. But, without having any knowledge on which to found the hope, we should like to believe that not every person in recent German public life has been as deep-dyed a fool or a knave as is here represented.

There are many references, evidently based on "inside knowledge," or, at the least, on "inside" rumour, to events and influences not very well known outside Germany. We hear a good deal of the Herren Club, ostensibly a social circle of an exclusive kind, actually (we are given to understand) the hatching-ground of political intrigue. A circumstantial account, certainly plausible in itself, is given of Hindenburg's arbitrary dismissal of Brüning. (Much of this and similar information purports to come, directly or indirectly, from Meissner, Hindenburg's secretary.) We learn of overtures by the Kaiser to "emerge": they appear to have found little support. But perhaps the most significant disclosures are those which concern re-armament. If we are to believe this evidence, there is nobody in German politics, of whatever party, who is not working towards this end, and working with considerable success. Hitler's own policy, as submitted to the President, is thus described: "Germany must arm so as to be prepared for the approaching 'war of liberation under the proved command of Your Excellency.' 'Until that hour comes' the other nations must be put off by all manner of possible and impossible subterfuges, and the enemies at home prevented from stabbing the Army in the back." Further, German youth must be "educated in the new spirit."

Our "General" inspects, and is highly satisfied with, factories of tanks and trench-mortars. He discusses the "Y Plan" (an improvement on the famous "Schlieffen Plan") whereby Germany is to descend on France by way of Holland rather than of Belgium; Dutch opinion is to be prepared in advance, and without delay, for this pleasing manoeuvre. Excellent progress is being made by the devotees of "military sports" at the Kuratorium. "The training of our officers in the Flying School is going on vigorously, and the dropping of 'mail bags' is splendid practice." The professional army makes up in quality for defect of quantity, which is fortunate, seeing that "we must begin again where we left off after Frederick the Great. I agree with him that Germany can only exist as a modern military state. The only art we require is that of concealing its character in some plausible way, so that other countries may not take premature action." The following passages are specially piquant. "I was at Bitterfeld to-day inspecting the gas factory. I have never before seen such a marvellous laboratory. Miraculous in its perfection! Highly interesting are the experiments that are being carried on with animals and plants. At any rate, it has been demonstrated that the stuff works even when diluted to the last degree; in other words, with a trifling amount one could gas any large city. And destroy life; that is the main point. Ten of our ordinary passenger aeroplanes could in normal circumstances carry the necessary dose for a million and a half human beings." A brilliant young scientist demonstrates the possibilities of bacteriological warfare. "He is convinced that our resources are now so far advanced and so perfect that, in case of need, we could risk the great throw. Of the material there is plenty available, and the effects are prompt and absolutely sure."

Whatever the source of these statements, they are intrinsically consonant with much which is already known, and which have been repeatedly made public in the French Press. To the same effect are recent developments, officially exposed, in the Saar, and certain perturbing disclosures lately made in the *Nineteenth Century*. In the light of the accumulating evidence, he who can regard with equanimity the peace of Europe exemplifies in a high degree the celebrated definition of second marriage—the triumph of hope over experience.

C. K. A.

\* "The Berlin Diaries: The Private Journals of a General in the German War Ministry, Revealing the Secret Intrigue and Political Barratry of 1932-33." Edited by Dr. Helmut Klotz. With a Foreword by Edgar Mowrer, author of "Germany Puts the Clock Back." (Jarrolds; 18s.)



# THE NAZI PARTY RALLY AT NUREMBERG: THE MASSING OF THE S.A.



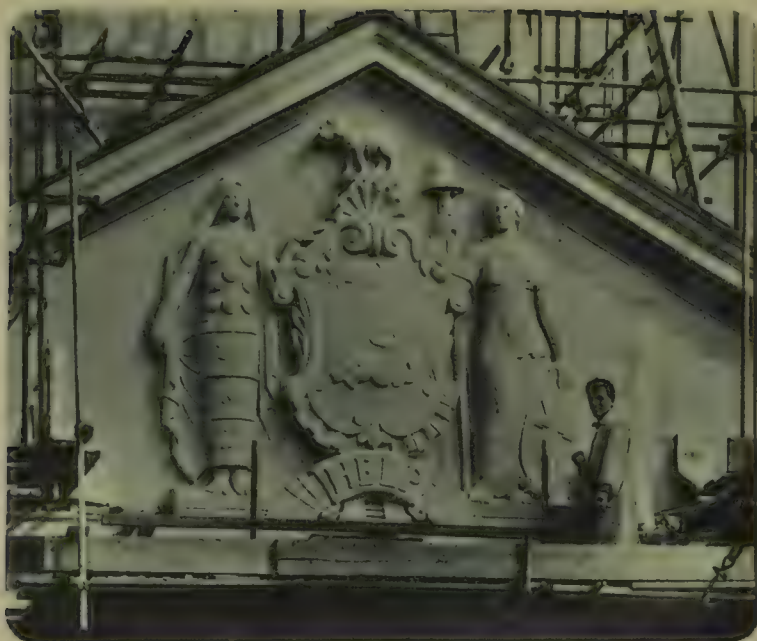
PARADING BEFORE HERR HITLER, LEADER AND CHANCELLOR: STORM TROOPS, NAZI GUARDS, AND CONTINGENTS OF THE NAZI AIR FORCE, THE NAVY, AND OTHER BODIES IN THE LUITPOLDHAIN.

The Nazi Party Rally—the sixth, and the second since Herr Hitler came into power—was officially opened at Nuremberg on the morning of September 5. On the 9th, the German Leader and Chancellor attended a spectacular parade of some 80,000 Brown Shirts (S.A.; Storm Troops), 12,000 Nazi Guards (S.S.), and contingents representing the German Navy, the Nazi Air Force, and other bodies. In the course of his speech, he paid tribute to both the S.A. and the S.S. as “guarantors of the National-Socialist revolution,” and said: “The S.A. and the S.S. are assembled to-day for the

fourth time in the history of our movement. Last year we met to show that we had conquered power in the State. To-day we meet to proclaim the continuation and summation of the means by which we achieved that victory. The whole power of the German Reich is in our hands to-day. The National-Socialist Party is the Lord of Germany. Those are blind who still imagine that our régime can be destroyed or that we will voluntarily relinquish power.” Thus it was proved that there is no question of a complete dissolution of the Brown Army, as had been freely rumoured.



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A COLOSSAL COAT OF ARMS FOR THE NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AT BERKHAMSTEAD—DESIGNED FROM THE SEAL GRANTED BY GEORGE II.: MR. DAVID EVANS COMPLETING THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURES.

The new Foundling Hospital at Berkhamstead, for which Messrs. J. M. Sheppard and Partners are architects, is expected to be completed by the end of the year. This coat of arms, the work of Mr. David Evans, A.R.B.S., is designed from the original seal granted by George II. in 1747. A small pen-and-ink sketch (possibly by Hogarth) and a written description are all that remain to guide the sculptor. There is a maternal figure on the left, Britannia on the right, and a lamb holding a sprig of myrtle above a shield with a crescent and two stars. What these symbolise is unknown.



PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA, WITH HER PARENTS, PRINCE AND PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE (RIGHT): THE ROYAL LOVERS ARRIVING IN PARIS.

Prince George and his fiancée, Princess Marina, arrived in Paris from Munich on September 11, accompanied by her parents. The royal party were travelling incognito and there were no officials to meet them. Prince George arranged to stay one night in Paris and fly to London the next day, going afterwards to Balmoral to see the King and Queen. Princess Marina was to stay for a few days in Paris before coming to England with her parents.



THE GLASGOW TRAIN DISASTER, WITH ITS TOLL OF EIGHT DEATHS: THE WRECKED ENGINE AND COACHES AFTER THE HEAD-ON COLLISION.

One of the worst railway smashes at Glasgow for many years occurred about a mile and a half from St. Enoch Station on the evening of September 6. A heavily laden passenger train bound for Kilmarnock came into head-on collision with a suburban train coming into Glasgow from Paisley. The driver of the Kilmarnock train and one passenger were killed outright, and six others, two of them women, died later of injuries. Several others were in a critical condition. A public inquiry into the collision began on September 11 at St. Enoch Station Hotel, Glasgow.



PRINCESS MARINA CROWNED WITH FLOWERS, AND PRINCE GEORGE GIVEN A BOUQUET BY PEASANTS AT BLEDE: THE ROYAL LOVERS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR PARIS.

Prince George and his fiancée, Princess Marina of Greece, were serenaded by peasants and presented with bouquets of flowers on their departure from Yugoslavia for Munich and Paris. They arrived in Paris on September 11, and Prince George arranged to fly to England later, while the Princess stayed in Paris to buy part of her trousseau. Her decision to accompany her fiancé as far as Paris was made at the last moment.



THE RACE THAT DECIDED THE DEFENDER OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP: "RAINBOW," NEARER CAMERA, FINISHING ONE SECOND AHEAD OF "YANKEE."

An extraordinarily close finish occurred on August 31 in the final trial between "Rainbow" and "Yankee" for the honour of defending the "America's" Cup against Mr. Sopwith's challenger. The series had given "Rainbow" two victories and "Yankee" one, while one race had been abandoned because of a severe squall when the boats were about level. Tremendous enthusiasm was therefore aroused in the fifth race, the finish of which is shown on the left. "Rainbow,"

Owing to pressure on our space, we omit the Victoria and Albert's "Treasure of the Week."



THE CREW AT WORK ON "RAINBOW": A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HER TRIANGULAR BOOM, OF THE SAME TYPE AS THAT INSTALLED ON "ENDEAVOUR."

with "Yankee" overhauling her, crossed the line one second ahead of her rival. The course was a fifteen-mile beat to windward and a run home. "Yankee" got the weather berth at the start but, when well ahead, split her Genoa jib. While she was changing sail "Rainbow" drew ahead, and rounded the mark with a lead of 1 min. 35 sec. "Yankee" caught up on the run and was practically level at the finish. Elsewhere is given a chart of the Cup courses.



# Where the Sky Presents Strange Wonders: Saturnian Nightscapes.

DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN RUDAUX. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



THE NIGHT SKY OF SATURN, AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM REGIONS NEAR ITS EQUATOR: THE RINGS AS A HUGE ARCH, CAUSED BY PERSPECTIVE TO SEEM BROADER IN THE CENTRE THAN AT THE HORIZONS.



THE NIGHT SKY AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM SATURN'S EQUATOR: THE RINGS, SEEN EDGEWAYS, LOOKING LIKE A THIN VERTICAL STREAK PASSING THROUGH THE ZENITH; WITH SOME OF THE SATELLITES BEYOND.



THE NIGHT SKY OF SATURN AS IT WOULD APPEAR TO AN OBSERVER IN ITS INTERMEDIATE LATITUDES AT MIDNIGHT AT THE SUMMER SOLSTICE: THE RINGS FORMING A COLOSSAL ARCH (BELOW WHICH ARE VISIBLE A NUMBER OF THE STARS) DIVIDED INTO VARIOUS ZONES—THE SHADOW CAST BY THE PLANET SEEN LIKE A BLACK BITE TAKEN OUT OF THE LUMINOUS SURFACE OF THE RINGS.

With a combination of imaginative ingenuity and scientific precision which rivals the *tours de force* of H. G. Wells and Jules Verne, M. Lucien Rudaux, the well-known French astronomer and artist, has reconstructed for us here some of the magnificent spectacles which the night sky of the planet Saturn would

present to an observer stationed at different points on the planet's surface. The famous rings of Saturn are known to all; they are probably composed of dust, minute particles, and asteroids. The planet's surface is thought to be gaseous. Further coloured drawings by M. Rudaux are on the next page.

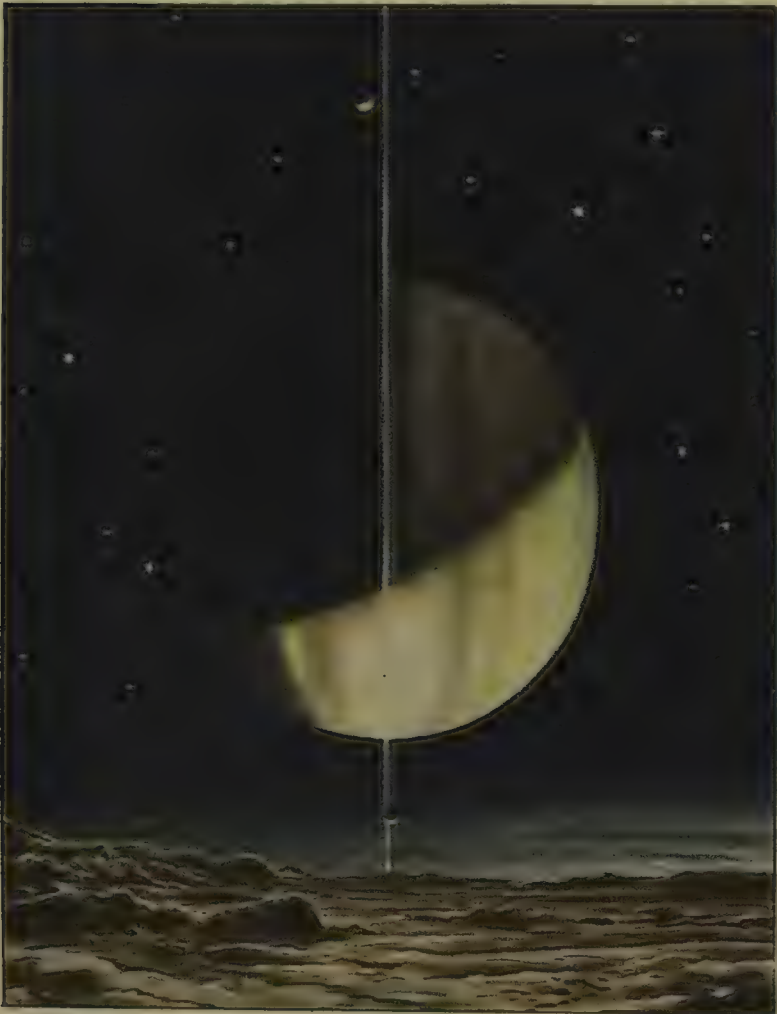


Unique in Space: Saturn's Rings, as Seen from its Satellites.

DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN RUDAUX. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



SATURN AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM ONE OF ITS TEN SATELLITES: THE HUGE PLANET FORMING A MAGNIFICENT OBJECT IN THE SKY; ITS DISC PARTLY OBSCURED; THE RINGS SEEN EDGEWAYS AS A SLANTING STRAIGHT LINE, SHOWING FAINT IRREGULARITIES; AND THREE OTHER SATELLITES.



A WEIRD AND SPLENDID SIGHT FROM ONE OF SATURN'S TEN SATELLITES: THE PLANET PARTLY OBSCURED AT ONE OF ITS SOLSTICES, AND ALSO SHADOWED BY ITS RINGS, SEEN EDGEWAYS AS A VERTICAL LINE.

Having given us reconstructions of the appearance of the night sky on the planet Saturn, reproduced on the previous page, M. Rudaux here shows the, if possible, more fantastic appearance it would present could it be viewed from one of its own satellites. M. Rudaux writes (in an article printed on page 385):



SATURN AS IT WOULD APPEAR, FROM A SATELLITE, WHEN TOTALLY ECLIPSING THE SUN: THE GREAT PLANET RIMMED WITH FIRE, ITS RINGS A VIVID SLANTING STREAK; AND TWO MOONS, SHOWING OPPOSITE PHASES.

"We may contemplate the globe of Saturn as a disc or a crescent, colossal in either case, and crossed by the rings, which appear as a long rectilinear line, showing, perhaps, irregularities. From a satellite, the rings could hardly look otherwise, since the satellites are in practically the same plane as the rings."



# AN ASTRONOMER'S "TRIP" TO SATURN:

A SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF THE PROBABLE ASPECT OF SATURN'S RINGS FROM THAT PLANET'S SURFACE, AND OF SATURN ITSELF FROM SOME OF ITS SATELLITES.

*Translated and Abridged from an Article by M. LUCIEN RUDAUX.  
(See his Coloured Drawings reproduced on Pages 383 and 384.)*

WHO does not know of Saturn and his rings, at least by name? Yet the lovely spectacle which the planet offers must be seen in the field of a telescope to be fully appreciated. It is something that, up to the moment, is unique in the known universe. What, then, would be our sensations if, instead of contemplating it from afar, lost in the depths of space, it were given to us to view this marvellous world from close quarters; or, better still, be transported on to it? This we shall try to visualise.

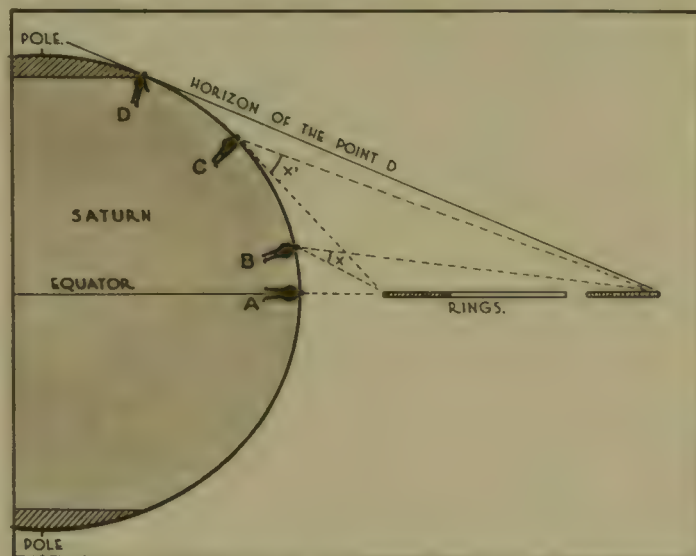
Saturn was long regarded as being at the edge of the solar system, for it is the last planet visible to the naked eye. Its apparent movement is slow: it makes a complete circuit of the sky in about thirty years. This is the period of its revolution round the sun—in other words, its "year." This long period is due to Saturn's great distance from the sun—some 885 million miles. Since we ourselves are some 92 million miles from the sun, an abyss of 793 million miles separates the earth from Saturn.

At such a distance a world of the proportions of our own would appear only as a small point of light in ordinary telescopes. If, therefore, Saturn can be seen and admired here even with quite modest instruments, it is because its proportions are enormous. Its globe, in fact, is 74,000 miles in diameter, giving it a volume 745 times greater than that of the earth. Saturn is somewhat inferior in size to Jupiter, the colossus of the solar system; but outdoes the latter by the impressive spread of its rings,

if Saturn were inhabited, and certain of its inhabitants were situated as our Esquimaux, cut off in the polar regions, these people would be ignorant of the existence of the rings. Their aspect changes constantly with the seasons. First, there are the intervals of visibility and invisibility, both of which continue for half the Saturnian year in each hemisphere—or about fifteen of our terrestrial years! During such periods, and in various regions, sight of the rings would be denied the observer, since the rings would then present their unilluminated face. Yet are they altogether invisible at such times? Possibly their component elements make themselves apparent by transparency or diffusion of light. Be that as it may, this would be, in any case, a very faint phenomenon, to judge from the depth of the shadow which the rings can be seen to throw on the planet's globe; a marked shadow which stretches more or less widely according to the time of year. Many Saturnian regions are thus deprived of the sun, between the autumnal and the spring equinoxes, for a period equivalent to several terrestrial years; this "black" period being preceded and followed by a series of total eclipses of the sun, morning and evening.

like a streak in the sky, but like an arch modified by perspective and the observer's situation. Let us not stray too far towards the pole, for after a time the edge of the rings would not be seen above the horizon. We may imagine that,

spectacles recurring with the seasons, and also with the passage of the Saturnian day, which only lasts ten-and-a-quarter hours—such being the speed of the planet's rotation. Its rapidity causes brisk modifications of the light effects, and of the appearance of the planet's shadow on the rings. This shadow appears to rise, run up to the middle of the arch, and sink below the horizon again, within only a few hours! From Saturn itself let us now pass in imagination to one of its satellites. From these

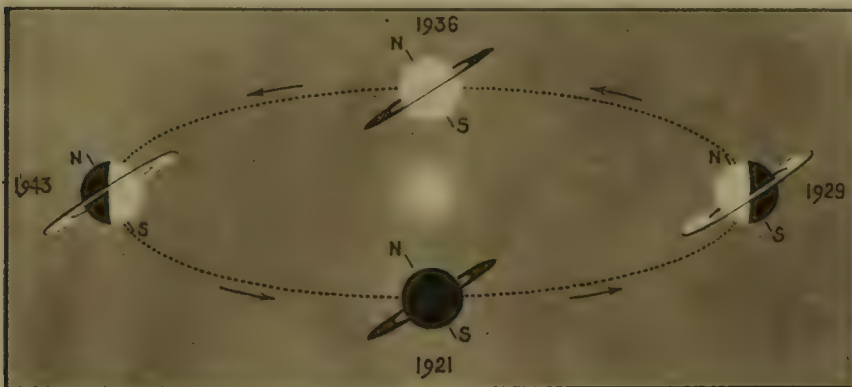


A SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF THE CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE VISIBILITY OF SATURN'S RINGS FROM THE PLANET: THE RINGS IN THE PLANE OF ITS EQUATOR; AND OBSERVERS STATIONED AT DIFFERENT LATITUDES.

An observer at A, on the equator of Saturn, is in the same plane as the rings, which he thus sees edgewise, like a line drawn in the sky. As he moves from lower to higher latitudes (B, C), he sees the rings affected by a more and more oblique perspective, in accordance with the size of the angles X, X'; while at the same time the rings appear to be situated lower and lower in the sky—until, at a point D, a little above the 63rd parallel of latitude, the rings are altogether below the horizon. The two shaded areas are the polar regions, in which the rings are for ever invisible.

On the other hand, the spectacle presented by the night sky, during the seasons when the illuminated face of the rings is visible in one or other hemisphere, may well compensate for such inconveniences. At such times a colossal arch would appear, spanning the

various bodies Saturn would appear as a fantastic moon, fantastic both from its huge dimensions and certain peculiarities of its illumination. The phases of our moon are caused by its varying positions in relation to the earth and the sun. Saturn's globe exhibits the same phenomenon in relation to its satellites. Hence we may contemplate it as a disc or a crescent, colossal in either case, and crossed by the rings, appearing as a long rectilinear line,



THE PRESENT SATURNIAN YEAR, WHICH ENDED ITS FIRST QUARTER IN 1921, AND WILL ONLY BE THREE PARTS DONE IN 1936! A DIAGRAM OF THE RINGED PLANET MAKING ITS 33-YEARS' CIRCUIT ROUND THE SUN; SHOWING THE SUCCESSION OF THE SATURNIAN SEASONS, AND VARIATIONS IN ILLUMINATION OF THE RINGS.

In 1921 the sun was in the same plane as the planet's rings (northern spring equinox), and will be in the same plane again in 1936 (northern autumnal equinox); at these times the light falls edgewise on the rings. Between these two dates, at the time of the northern summer solstice (1929), it was the northern surface of the rings that was illuminated.

whose extreme diameter is some 170,000 miles. Further, this enormous girdle, though insignificant in thickness, can be seen to be divided into different zones, with one strongly marked hiatus. The rings are made up of dust, minute bodies, and asteroids, moving like so many satellites round the planet, at speeds varying with the distance from its globe. Since these bodies cannot be seen separately, the general effect presented to our eyes has an appearance of continuity. This entire formation lies in the plane of the planet's equator, and the whole system is inclined at an angle of 27 degrees to the planet's orbit. Hence the planet and its rings present a different aspect to the sun's illumination at different positions on its orbit. These variations in illumination, analogous to those experienced by our own globe, correspond to the passage of the seasons—though each Saturnian "season" lasts longer than seven whole years on the earth!

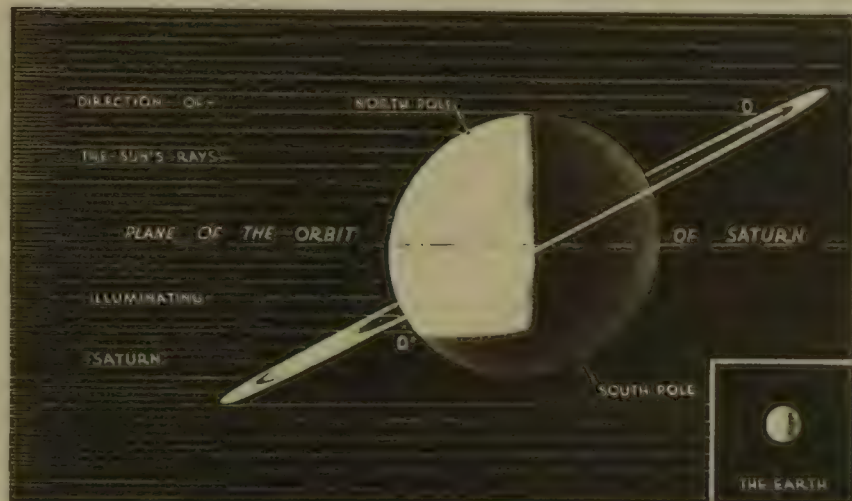
Saturn is also accompanied by ten satellites. Some of these moons are close to the planet, and not far from the outside of its rings. As to the globe of the planet itself, the telescope shows this to be ringed with dark and bright bands, diversified with various spots. The appearance and instability of these details suggest, not a solid surface, but the disturbances in an extensive atmosphere, or a gaseous tract. Moreover, Saturn's low density (almost that of water) indicates a world still in a very different condition from that of the earth.

Let us now voyage to Saturn, in imagination. The famous rings will appear under different guises, according to the point on the planet's globe at which we disembark. If, for example, the observer is at or near the equator, the rings, seen "edgewise," will look like a line traversing the sky. For the rings to be seen, however, a time must be chosen near the solstice, when their illuminated side is denoted by this slender streak of light. At the equinoxes the rings are invisible from the planet, for they more or less eclipse the sun, then in the same plane. As already mentioned, the rings are composed of dispersed elements. Are these elements large enough to be distinguished individually from the planet, or does the impression of continuity which we receive persist there also? The latter is the more probable conclusion.

The solstices would be the time for visiting intermediate latitudes between Saturn's equator and the poles. Here the rings would appear not

midnight sky like a belt of light, but blotted out in the centre by a huge shadow, varying in its extent and form—the shadow cast by the globe of Saturn itself. Before and after the equinoxes, this shadow, whose edges are rectilinear, cuts the rings into two huge slices; but as the summer solstice draws on it grows shorter and shorter, and becomes an ellipse with its summit broken off at the principal division of the rings, leaving the outside ring visible entirely.

A large volume would be required to describe all the



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ILLUMINATION OF SATURN AT THE PLANET'S SOLSTICES: ITS NORTH POLE TURNED TOWARDS THE SUN AND THE RINGS ILLUMINATED ON THEIR NORTHERN FACE. (INSET) THE EARTH ON THE SAME SCALE.

At Saturn's northern summer solstice, as here, the planet's shadow reaches to the point O on the rings, which, in their turn, shadow the globe of the planet (on the other side) as far as O'. During the southern solstice the conditions would be diametrically the opposite.



THE APPARENT SIZE OF THE SUN (ONLY A LARGE POINT OF LIGHT, SHOWN IN THE CENTRE) AS IT WOULD BE SEEN FROM SATURN, COMPARED WITH ITS APPARENT SIZE (INSET BELOW) AS SEEN FROM THE EARTH.

Drawings and Diagrams on this Page by M. Lucien Rudaux.

showing, perhaps, some irregularities. From the first satellite, which lies close to the planet, the apparent dimensions of the rings would be exaggerated, and the system would seem to extend half-way across the night sky!

There would also be weird effects of illumination, due to the combination of the Saturnian phase seen from the satellite and the passage of the Saturnian seasons, in the course of which the planet's globe would be seen shadowed in various ways by the rings. The coloured drawings (on page 384) show some of the varied spectacles visible from one of Saturn's moons. These strange and imposing phases lack only one thing: a certain intensity of brightness. For, at the distance at which Saturn is situated from the sun, the latter has lost the effulgence perceptible on earth. It appears as nothing more than a big, brilliant point of light, reduced to a diameter ten times smaller than that which we see here. Hence the solar radiation shed on Saturn is a hundred times weaker than that bestowed on the earth. By terrestrial standards, the majestic rings and multiple moons which always adorn the Saturnian heavens would only shed a somewhat dim and feeble light. Yet, despite this lack of brilliance, how much should we enjoy the spectacle of such nights!



## THE NEW TELL EL AMARNA DISCOVERIES:

INTERESTING ADDITIONS TO THE FAMOUS "AMARNA LETTERS", ART RELICS, AND RECORDS OF UNIVERSITY LIFE, AKHENATEN'S POLICE SYSTEM, WITH ITS "FLYING SQUAD," AND ROYAL LION-HUNTS.

By J. D. S. PENDLEBURY, M.A., Director of the Egypt Exploration Society's Expedition to Tell el Amarna, results of which will shortly be exhibited in London. (See opposite page and Drawing on pages 388 and 389).

THE Egypt Exploration Society's Expedition continued its work on this most fruitful site during December, January, and February. This was made possible by a grant from Brooklyn Museum, New York, which, on the advice of Professor Capart of Brussels, is supporting the excavations.

Our first duty was to re-excavate the sanctuary of the Great Temple. This building lies at the east end of the vast Temple enclosure, and was the first shrine to be set up when Akhenaten began to build his new capital. Like the later buildings in the enclosure, Per-Hai and Gem-Aten, cleared last year, the sanctuary had received the full force of the hatred which burst out against the new religion shortly after Akhenaten's death. Its walls, of rubble faced with stone, were thrown down, the foundations were hacked up, and a layer of cement was run over the top to seal-in the accursed spot for ever. Fortunately, the cement bedding was still present in parts, and where it, too, had been destroyed, we were enabled by careful work to find the depressions in the virgin sand where it had once been (Fig. 2). Another great help was the representation of the building in the various tombs of high officials, particularly in that of Meryra, high priest of the god. With the assistance of these pieces of evidence, we could with practical certainty restore both the plan and detailed perspective (Fig. 1).

The sanctuary was a fit Temple to the Sun. The gathering darkness of other Egyptian temples, where the brilliant sunlight is dimmed in the passage from hall to hall, gives way here to open, airy courts. First came an open court, on the south side of which lay the houses of the priests. From this court a doorway between two pylon towers leads on to a raised causeway, on either side of which were rectangular offering tables. This causeway proceeded to a second doorway flanked by larger pylon towers, against the face

by a woman digging for brickdust manure. The Records Office—"The Place of the Correspondence of Pharaoh," as the bricks were stamped—was therefore re-excavated, in the hope of finding more fragments (Fig. 9). The actual spot of the original find was the pit in the foreground. In this we were more successful than we expected, no less than seven pieces being found; while an eighth came to light in the clerks' houses to the south. With them was discovered part of a clay envelope on which the address would have been written. Dr. Cyrus Gordon, of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, came over to Cairo and examined the tablets, and we can therefore give a summary account of them. One is the filed copy of an order to Itia, Governor of Ascalon, commanding him to guard his post well. Most interesting of all is

From the temple we proceeded to explore the official buildings and offices, which lie in the central part of the city, immediately to the south. It was in this area that the famous "Amarna Letters" had been found

a letter which may be from Aziru, or his father Abdashirta, the crafty leader of the Amorites. These two men have always been considered to be the villains of the tragedy of the downfall of Egypt's power in Syria. Another fragment seems to be part of the epic called "Shar Tamkhari," or the "King of Battle," a poem which relates the exploits of the great Sargon of Akkad in Cappadocia. Another larger fragment of this epic was found by the Germans during their excavations at Amarna before the war. There is also a vocabulary giving lists of signs, with their Sumerian and Accadian values, no doubt a very useful document for the scribes of the Foreign Office. There is a list of gods, and tiny portions of school texts.

Next door to the Records Office lies a very ruined building, its bricks stamped "The House of Life" (included in the drawing on pages 388 and 389). This is Egyptian for "university," and here were found potsherd with lists of names, "Royal Scribe Ramose," "Royal Scribe

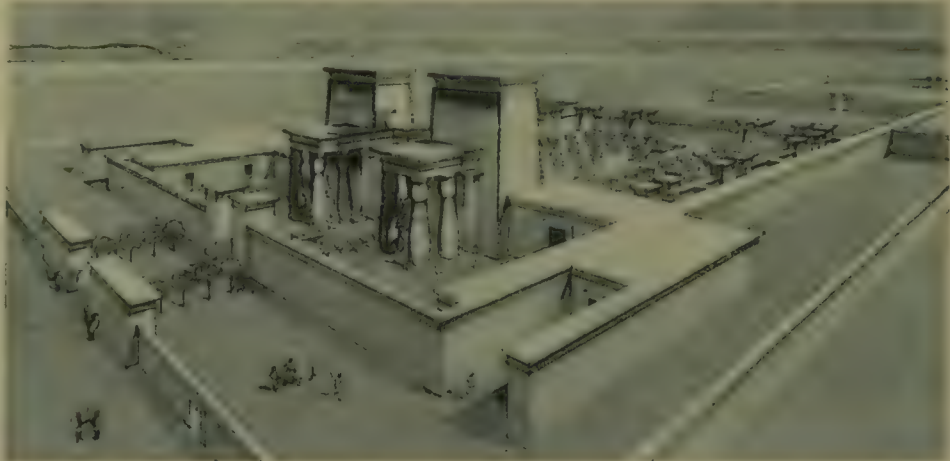


FIG. 1. "A FIT TEMPLE TO THE SUN," WITH AIRY COURTS OPEN TO THE BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT OF EGYPT: THE SANCTUARY OF THE GREAT TEMPLE BUILT BY AKHENATEN AS THE CENTRE OF HIS NEW RELIGION—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

Perspective View Drawn by Frank Lavers, Architect of the Expedition.



FIG. 2. AKHENATEN'S TEMPLE OF THE SUN AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY, SINCE THE EXCAVATIONS AT TELL EL AMARNA: A VIEW FROM THE NORTH, SHOWING THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE SANCTUARY, WHICH WAS UTTERLY DESTROYED AND BURIED BENEATH CEMENT, AFTER THE KING'S DEATH, ON THE RESTORATION OF THE OLD RELIGION OF AMEN.

Photographs on this page by Courtesy of the Egypt Exploration Society.

of which two small colonnades projected, having colossal statues of the king between the columns. Fragments of these statues were found by Petrie over forty years ago.

So that only the initiated should be privileged to see the holy of holies, two screen walls were built to shut out the view, and the worshipper had to take a winding passage before he entered the court of the altar. In the centre stood the high altar, heaped with the first fruits of the land. Round about were offering tables, no doubt to receive the gifts of the highest nobles, while surrounding the court were small chambers open to the sky, and each containing an offering table. These, perhaps, were for the royal family. Certainly many of the walls had been carved and decorated, but only a few battered fragments had escaped the violence of the destroyers and illicit excavations of the local population. Only one find of note was made. In the very centre of the court of the altar, a sandstone head was found. It had been sadly hacked, but there are still traces of beauty about it, and enough is left of the features to show that it must have represented one of the young kings, Smenkhkara, who was co-regent with Akhenaten during the last years of his reign, or else Tutankhaten (afterwards known as Tutankhamen), who immediately succeeded him.

There were a number of other buildings in connection with the sanctuary. Most important of these is the great stela, and by it a colossal seated statue of the king. Close by was a large rectangular enclosure which can be identified as the slaughterer's yard. Here were tethered the unfortunate animals destined for sacrifice: here they were slaughtered and cut up before being placed upon the offering tables.

Aahmose," and so on. It is a pity that these are broken away after the names. But it is pleasant to imagine a class-list—"Royal Scribe (Professor) Ramose will take the Sixth in Advanced Babylonian Grammar from 10 to 12"! From the area of these offices came a number of interesting finds. Most impressive of all was the fine scarab of Amenhotep III., shown in Fig. 4. It is in an exceedingly good state of preservation, although Akhenaten has erased the part of his father's name which contained the name of the god Amen, whom he hated. It recounts the exploits of Amenhotep III. in the hunting-field. "Statement of lions which his Majesty brought down with his own arrows from the first to the tenth year of his reign: fierce lions, 102."

A great many sculptor's trial pieces (e.g., Fig. 5) have been found at Amarna, since, in the fury of haste in which the building and decoration of the city had to proceed, the supply of skilled craftsmen ran short, and many of those employed seem to have had to learn their trade almost as they went along. The other (Fig. 6) is a lively little sketch of a girl drawn in ink upon a potsherd by some draughtsman who had an idle moment. From the houses of the clerks, which lie just behind the Records Office, came a most unusual find in the shape of a wooden box-lid (Fig. 8). Almost all the wood has been completely eaten away by white ants, and we are indeed fortunate in finding this in so good a state of preservation. It was carved with a scene of cattle plunging through the reeds and plants in the marshes. It is in the very best "Amarna style," with all its freshness and love of nature. The centre of the lid had the name of Amenhotep III. upon it.

The last part of the season was spent in excavating the great barracks, or police-station, placed on the edge of the desert so that the *Mazoi* should be able to drive quickly to any part of the long, straggling city and over the open desert without the delays of the crowded streets. At one end lie the quarters of the men and the armoury (Fig. 7). The photograph shows the brick supports for wooden shelves to serve as arm-racks. Here, too, were corn-bins, and ovens for the men's food. Close by stood the house of the commandant. Perhaps he was Mahu, whose tomb is known, and who certainly held the title of chief of the *Mazoi*, or police. At all events, he enjoyed his comforts. In his sitting-room lay a number of the mud sealings which were placed over wine-jars when they were stored (Fig. 3). These particular sealings were painted bright blue, and were inscribed in yellow paint: "Wine, good, good," the inscription being surrounded by a royal cartouche. This is bestowing royalty on one's wine with a vengeance! We think of Imperial Tokay.

In one corner of the parade-ground was a small house, while all round were mangers and tethering stones, so that a "flying squad" could be kept in perpetual readiness.

At this point we stopped work for the season. The finds were duly brought to Cairo, and those of them allotted to us, as well as the cuneiform tablets which have been brought over provisionally, will be on view at the rooms of the Palestine Exploration Fund, at 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.1, from Sept. 17 to Oct. 13, when we hope to raise funds for another expedition next year. There is still a great deal to do before even the central part of the city is completed, and it would be a sad day for English Egyptology if a half-finished task had to be abandoned.

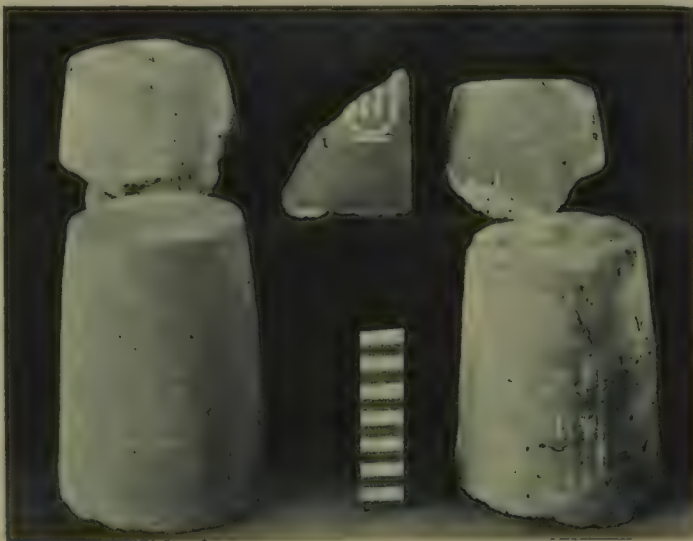


FIG. 3. AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COUNTERPART OF THE DIGNITY ACCORDED TO "IMPERIAL" TOKAY: JAR SEALINGS INSCRIBED (IN YELLOW PAINT ON A BLUE GROUND) "WINE, GOOD, GOOD," WITHIN A ROYAL CARTOUCHE—FOUND AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF AKHENATEN'S CHIEF OF POLICE.



## FRESH "FINDS" AT TELL EL AMARNA: ART RELICS; A ROYAL LION-HUNTER; AND A POLICE ARMOURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY.  
(SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE AND DRAWING ON PAGES 388 AND 389.)



FIG. 4. WITH AN ERASURE WHERE AKHENATEN HAD DELETED THE NAME OF THE GOD AMEN CONTAINED IN HIS OWN FATHER'S NAME: A SCARAB OF AMEN-HOTEP III. RECORDING HIS LION-HUNTING EXPLOITS, AND SHOWING THAT HE HAD SHOT 102 "FIERCE LIONS," WITH BOW AND ARROW, IN THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF HIS REIGN.

THESE photographs illustrate the latest discoveries made by the Egypt Exploration Society on the famous site at Tell el Amarna, as described in the article on the opposite page, and they are numbered in accordance with the writer's references to particular scenes and objects shown. We should like to draw attention

[Continued below]

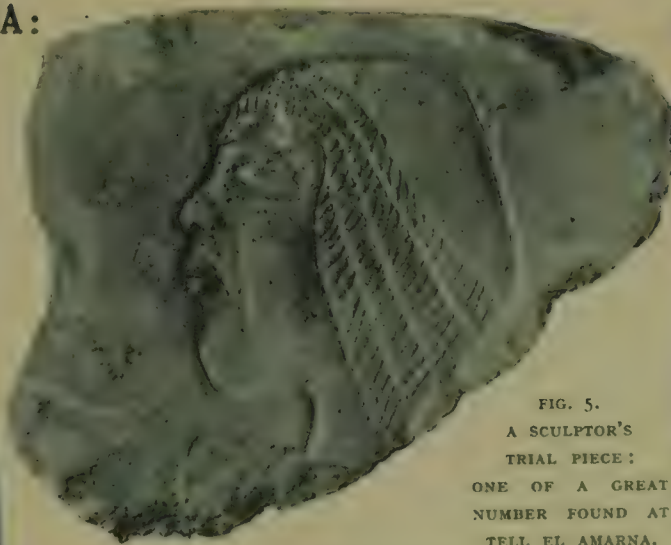


FIG. 5.  
A SCULPTOR'S  
TRIAL PIECE:  
ONE OF A GREAT  
NUMBER FOUND AT  
TELL EL AMARNA.



FIG. 6. "A LIVELY LITTLE SKETCH OF A GIRL DRAWN IN INK UPON A POTSHERD BY SOME DRAUGHTSMAN WHO HAD AN IDLE MOMENT": A 'FRAGMENT' FOUND AMONG THE TRIAL PIECES.



FIG. 7. AT THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WHERE A "FLYING SQUAD" WAS KEPT IN CONSTANT READINESS TO DEAL WITH CRIME OR DISTURBANCE IN AKHENATEN'S CAPITAL: THE ARMOURY—SHOWING BRICK SUPPORTS FOR SHELVES TO SERVE AS ARM-RACKS; AND A FLIGHT OF STEPS.

intellectual awakening. As the article makes clear, the "Heretic" Pharaoh, Akhenaten, previously known as Amen-hotep IV., introduced a new faith, in the form of sun-worship, which was at once more rational and more idealistic than the ancient Amen creed, and he built open-air shrines whose radiant character contrasted strongly with the gloomy interiors of older temples. Along with this religious "Reformation" there went a kindred movement in art, revealing itself in a new and vivacious realism. This quality is well exemplified in the rare pieces of wood-carving shown here in Fig. 8, of which the writer of the article observes: "It is in the very best 'Amarna style,' with all its freshness and love of nature."



FIG. 8. A MOST UNUSUAL FIND AT TELL EL AMARNA, WHERE MOST OF THE WOOD HAD BEEN EATEN BY ANTS: FRAGMENTS OF A WOODEN BOX-LID CARVED WITH FIGURES OF RUNNING CATTLE IN THE BEST AMARNA STYLE, WITH ITS FRESHNESS AND LOVE OF NATURE. (WITH CENTIMETRE SCALE TO SHOW SIZE.)

to the fact that Londoners and visitors will very shortly have an opportunity of seeing for themselves some of the remarkably interesting results of the recent excavations. As mentioned at the end of the article, the "finds" allotted to the Society, besides the cuneiform tablets bearing inscriptions, which have been brought to London provisionally, will be on view from September 17 to October 13 in the rooms of the Palestine Exploration Fund, at 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.1. It is greatly to be hoped that the Society will be successful, through this exhibition and by other means, in raising sufficient funds to carry on their important researches by another expedition next year. Tell el Amarna is one of the most interesting and fruitful archaeological sites in Egypt, and may still yield unguessed-at treasures. Its fascination lies in the fact that it represents a unique phase in the life of ancient Egypt—a period of renaissance, albeit short-lived and temporary, when fresh ideas in religion were born and flourished for a time, and there was a spiritual and

[Continued on right.]



FIG. 9. SHOWING THE ACTUAL SPOT (A PIT IN THE FOREGROUND) WHERE THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERY OF THE FAMOUS "AMARNA LETTERS" WAS MADE: REMAINS OF THE RECORDS OFFICE, OR "PLACE OF THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PHARAOH"—A SCENE OF FRESH FINDS DURING RECENT EXCAVATIONS.



# ARCHAEOLOGY "REBUILDS" THE HERETIC PHARAOH'S CAPITAL:

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON, FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. RALPH LAYARD, ARCHITECT



## THE "MUSHROOM" CITY WHICH TEMPORARILY DISPLACED THEBES AS THE CAPITAL OF ANCIENT EGYPT BY AKHENATEN AS THE CENTRE OF HIS NEW RELIGION OF SUN-WORSHIP—

In the above drawing, which is based on strictly scientific archaeological data supplied by the architect of the Egypt Exploration Society's expedition to Tell el Amarna, our artist presents a pictorial reconstruction of the great city built there by the "Heretic" Pharaoh, Akhenaten (previously known as Amen-hotep IV.), in the fourteenth century B.C., to be his new capital, instead of Thebes, and the centre of his newly established religion of sun-worship, which for a time displaced the older worship of Amen. The new city itself was known as Akhetaten. As noted in the article (on page 386) describing

the latest discoveries on the site, shortly after Akhenaten's death there was a violent religious reaction, and the priests of Amen recovered their ascendancy. The new capital, with its temples, was utterly destroyed, and its ruins were covered with cement "to seal in the accursed spot for ever." When the place came to be excavated, this cement bedding proved useful to the archaeologists as a guide to localities. The site of the palace is at present largely under cultivation, but the expedition intends to explore it. The rest of the city has been to a great extent already uncovered. Our

# AKHENATEN'S CITY, THE HOME OF A "REFORMATION."

TO THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY'S EXPEDITION TO TELL EL AMARNA. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 386, AND THE FACING PAGE.)



## EGYPT IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: A PICTORIAL RECONSTRUCTION OF AKHETATEN, SHOWING THE TEMPLE, PALACE, RECORDS OFFICE, AND UNIVERSITY (HOUSE OF LIFE).

Illustration above is designed to represent the city as it was in the heyday of its short-lived magnificence, with indications as to the life of its inhabitants. In the left foreground is the royal palace, with a boat alongside the landing-stage on the Nile, and, at the back, a bridge connecting the palace with the King's house. Beyond is the Great Temple enclosure, nearly a thousand yards long, with the sanctuary (at the far end on the right), towards which a religious procession is moving. Another reconstruction drawing of the sanctuary (Fig. 1) is given with the article on page 386.

To the right of the sanctuary, outside the temple enclosure, is the house of the overseer of the Aten cattle—animals used for sacrifice; and, to the right again, the police headquarters with its armoury (illustrated in Fig. 7 on page 387); below and to the left of the overseer's house stands the Records Office, on whose site the famous "Amarna Letters" were found some years ago, and where further similar discoveries have lately been made. Adjoining it is the House of Life—an institution equivalent to a modern university—where interesting records of Egyptian academic life have been discovered.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE NIGHTJAR.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A FEW days ago a nightjar was brought to me which had been found dead on that gorgeous expanse of heather and gorse, a hundred yards or so from my house, known as Chobham Common. Throughout July one could hear their delightful "chirring" every evening. Many attempts have been made to describe these notes, but no one has yet succeeded in doing so in such a way as to give them any semblance of reality. To me, this "chirring" sounds rather like the notes produced by blowing a whistle with a pea in it, modulating the wind-pressure so that the cadence rises and falls in pitch.

It is not, however, this indescribable song that has made the nightjar famous, for it presents many remarkable characteristics. And not the least of these is its coloration, the plumage having a ground-colour of dark chocolate-brown, besprinkled with wavy bands and vermiculations of buff; while over all it seems to have been dusted over with finely powdered lichen-grey. The male may be distinguished by the three large white spots on the wing-quills, shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3), and a white spot on each of the outer pair of tail-feathers.

Here we have a really good illustration of a protectively-coloured, or "concealingly-coloured,"

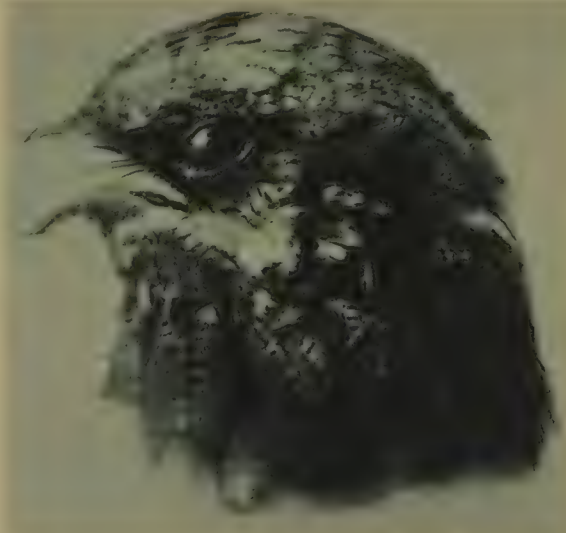
which are borne on the inner edge of the claw of the middle toe (Fig. 3). These do not make their appearance until the nestling stage is passed. They are said to be used by the bird as a sort of comb, to clear the bristles of adherent scales rubbed off the large moths in the process of capture and swallowing. Gilbert White presents another interpretation of the part it plays. "I saw one," he says, "distinctly, more than once, put out its short leg while on the wing, and, by a bend of the head, deliver something into its mouth. If it takes any part of its prey with its foot, as I have now the greatest reason to suppose it does these chafers [cockchafers], I no longer wonder at the use of its middle toe, which is curiously furnished with a serrated claw."

But there are many other birds, not even remotely related to the nightjar, which have a similarly serrated claw—as, for example, the heron and the bittern. Now, Lord William Percy, in the course of his long and patient study of the bittern at its nest, in Norfolk, tells us that it was used to remove the surplus powder-down applied to the feathers to remove the slime deposited by eels as they threw their coils about its neck in struggling to escape. But the movement of the foot was so rapid that it was impossible to see whether this scratching was actually done with the serrated claw. There are, however, as I have said, a number of birds with a serrated claw which have neither powder-down to be removed nor bristles to be cleaned, if they ever are used for such a purpose. Hence this serrated claw is still a thing mysterious, awaiting further investigation.

The flight of the nightjar has been described as owl-like. In so far as it is silent, this is true. But it is somewhat more vigorous than that of the owl. Nor is it always silent. For, on occasion, especially when the bird is in an amorous mood, it is often associated with a sudden sharp, snapping sound, made, as some believe, by bringing the wings smartly together, so that the wing-quills strike one another over the back with some force. It has been objected that these quills are too much like those of the owls for this. But I find no valid reason for this objection, since the shafts of these quills are conspicuously strong and well developed. Not more so, perhaps, than in the owls, but in these birds the vanes, or webs, of the feathers are beset with long filaments, giving the texture and appearance of velvet-pile, which deadens the sound, and so explains the silent, eerie flight characteristic of the owl tribe.

When we turn to an inspection of all the known species of nightjars, our own species gathers a new interest. And this is especially true in this matter of wings. There are two species which, in this regard, are

peculiarly interesting. In one of these, indeed, the wings stand apart from that of all other birds. This is the African pennant-winged nightjar (*Cosmetornis vexillarius*; Fig. 1), wherein the second primary,



2. THE HEAD OF THE NIGHTJAR, KNOWN ALSO AS THE "FERN-OWL," OR THE "GOATSUCKER," FROM ITS SUPPOSED HABIT OF SUCKING THE MILK FROM GOATS: A PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW THE ENORMOUS MOUTH, WITH THE GAPE EXTENDING BACKWARDS UNDER THE EYE.

The mouth, when seen fully opened and from the front, is enormous. The stiff bristles in each side possibly serve to prevent the escape of cockchafers and large moths when first taken into the mouth.

reckoning from the wrist outwards, is of enormous length, forming two long streamers during flight. The feather next this is also long, and conspicuously longer than all the rest of the primaries. But more than this. The long streamer on each side forms a break between the primaries, or hand-feathers, and the secondaries, or arm-feathers, unmatched in any other known bird; for these secondaries, relieved of part of their functions, have degenerated, till now they are about half the length of the primaries. The full force of the singular character of this wing will become readily apparent when the broken contour of its hinder border is compared with the continuous border seen in Fig. 3.

In the pennant-winged nightjar, the second primary takes the form of a slender shaft, some 17 in. long, surmounted by a "racket," or pennon, and it is said that when the bird is resting these feathers are raised vertically, so that they simulate the surrounding stems of grass and the flower-heads thereof, thus serving as an effective piece of camouflage.

This may be so. But I should much like to examine a freshly-killed specimen, or one preserved in spirit, so that

I could satisfy myself on this point; for at the moment, knowing from a very considerable number of wing-dissections how firmly these quills are bound to the skeleton, I cannot understand how this movement is effected. Nor can I understand what is still more mysterious: why only one feather in the wing, as in *Cosmetornis*, should suddenly take on this excessive lengthening.



1. THE PENNANT-WINGED NIGHTJAR (*COSMETORNIS VEXILLARIUS*), OF BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA:

A BIRD WITH AN INNER PRIMARY OF ENORMOUS LENGTH (SOME SEVENTEEN INCHES).

The extraordinary length of the inner primary and the conspicuous length of the succeeding quills have completely broken the once-continuous contour of the hinder border of the wing—such as is shown in Fig. 3.

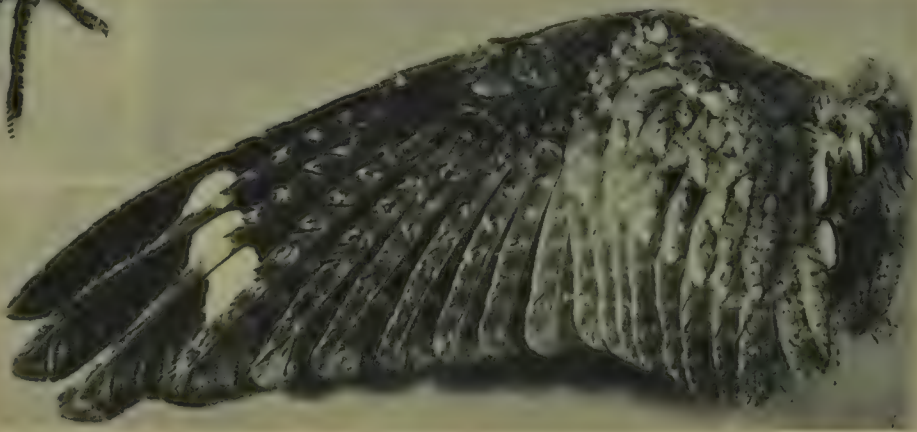
plumage, for the bird, crouching on its native heath or lying lengthwise on the bough of a tree, is rendered practically invisible. This habit of never sitting crosswise on a branch, as do other birds, is apparently linked with its coloration. It rests, however, chiefly on the ground, and here, without any preparation in the form of a nest, it lays two eggs, creamy-white, with delicate markings of brown, purple, and dull red.

Nightjars, the world over—with the exception of American "bull-bats" (*Chordeiles*)—are birds which haunt the twilight hours. Our bird, if undisturbed, will never be seen on the wing until the "shard-borne beetle" ventures forth. On this, and moths of various kinds, it mainly depends for food. Hence the short and feeble beak and the enormous mouth. Some indication of this, with the gape extending backwards under the eye, is seen in Fig. 2. Between the gape and the base of the beak, it will be noticed, are a number of outspreading, stiff bristles, the function of which can only be guessed at. They may serve as a sort of net, to be drawn downwards and so help to steer bulky bodies, as of beetles and moths, in the way they are intended to go. I offer this suggestion for what it is worth. It is to be noted that the day-flying American species, to which I have referred, has no bristles here.

And there is another noteworthy feature of the nightjar. And this is found in the curious serrations



3. THE WING OF THE NIGHTJAR, SHOWING THE WHITE SPOTS FOUND ONLY IN THE MALE; AND (INSET) THE FOOT, WITH ITS PECULIAR SERRATIONS ON THE CLAW OF THE MIDDLE TOE. The area of the nightjar's wing formed by the quill-feathers of the hand—the primaries—greatly exceeds, it will be noticed, the area formed by the inner quills, or secondaries. But the contour of the hinder border is continuous.





# ROYAL BRAEMAR: THE HIGHLAND GATHERING IN PRINCESS ROYAL PARK.



THE BRAEMAR GATHERING, ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND THEIR DAUGHTERS, AND PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GAMES.



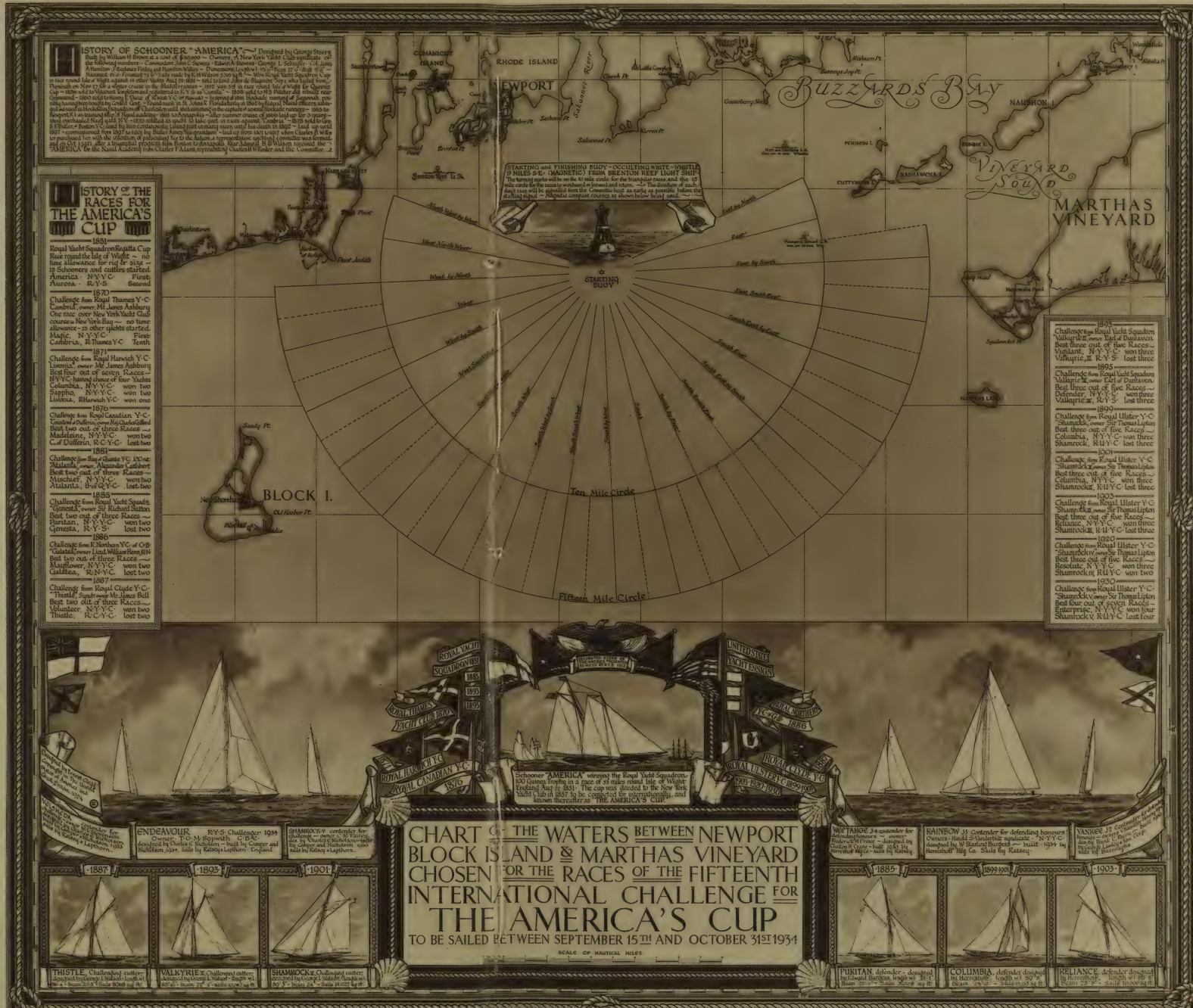
THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: HER MAJESTY BEING GREETED BY PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (LEFT); FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, AND BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society was held in the Princess Royal Park at Braemar on September 6. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the King did not attend; but her Majesty was present, as well as the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. The royal visitors received a great greeting as they drove into and round the park. Crowds stood on the top of cars and charabancs to wave their welcome. It was the first visit of Princess Margaret

Rose to the Braemar gathering; and, her questions answered by her elder sister, who is a more experienced spectator, she watched with deep interest the Highland games, the dances, and the march-past of Highlanders. Those who took part in the march-past were the Balmoral Highlanders, in their familiar Royal Stuart tartan, with their Lochaber axes; the Duffs bearing their pikes; and the Invercaulds with their claymores. The tartans of the clansmen, competitors and spectators made a fine romantic sight—Braemar at its best.



THE TITMUSE picture map, the work of Major Ernest Clegg, a well-known American cartographer, illustrates the courses to be sailed in the great international yacht race for the "America's" Cup, between Mr. T. O. M. Spewith's "Endeavour," the challenger, and Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's "Rainbow," the defender. The races are fixed to start to-day, September 15, and will be continued on succeeding weekend days. The winner will be the first boat to win four races, so that the maximum number of races sailed will be seven. Each race in the series will be thirty miles long. Two types of course will be sailed alternately: first, an "out and home" course from windward and leeward, the outer mark being placed fifteen miles from the start; and, secondly, a triangular course, with each leg ten miles long and one of them to windward. The competitors will normally be started to windward. Thus the vessels will be tested on all points of sailing, with especial insistence on windward work—the crucial test of a sailing boat. The starting and finishing line is placed nine miles south-west of Brenton Reef Lightship, which is off Newport, Rhode Island. At this time of year the prevailing winds in the vicinity are south-westerly, as a rule light to moderate in force; and, since the courses are laid in the open sea, the breeze may be expected to be steady. There is a certain amount of ocean swell even on the calmest days, but the tidal streams are slight and there are no local currents to perplex the navigator unfamiliar with these waters. In this map are given also details of the fourteen previous challenges for the "America's" Cup, all of which were in vain, together with drawings of the present contestants and of certain famous challengers and defenders of the past. In the top left-hand corner is given a history of the schooner "America," whose victory in a race round the Isle of Wight in 1851 was the origin of the contest. Our readers may be interested to learn that colour reproductions of the map can be obtained from Mr. J. F. E. Grundy, Fine Art Publisher, of 17, Soho Square, London, W.1. The original is to be exhibited in the Arthur U. Newton Galleries, New York.





# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## A GAY DECEIVER: EDMUND GWENN.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S delectable play, "Laburnum Grove," which grew on me despite a third visit, reminds me of the curious adventure of Cesare Lombroso. He was, as everybody knows, the acknowledged authority on phrenology and criminology. Yet, as all scientists are fallible, he was what his competitors called gloriously taken in by a joke. They brought him the facsimile head which they described as the incarnation of virtue—a beautiful mask of a man with angelic eyes whose every feature oozed human kindness and purity. Lombroso, so the story goes, carefully examined the head and pronounced that he had found the ideal head of perfect humanity, and went on to prove the whys and the wherefores. No sooner was his verdict published than the perpetrators of the deception, with a flourish of trumpets in the Press, let the world into their secret. The great professor had been mystified; the "beautiful head" was the effigy of a villain of the deepest dye, a murderer who had assassinated his wife in the most cruel manner, a perfect monster who had recently been executed in the prison of Regina Coeli at Rome. Of course, there followed an acrimonious controversy in the Press, but the facts non-plussed all defence. The so-called Lombroso theory had been shaken.

I do not know whether the gifted author of "Laburnum Grove" ever heard this story, but it is a strange coincidence that, for the first time in the history of the theatre, the public has been so completely (and so ingeniously) misled that even to the last minute our minds were in dilemma, and many spectators, even after the curtain's fall, were see-sawed in doubts as to the actual issue of the play: whether the hero was a crook or merely a gay deceiver who hid his criminal occupation of forgery under a mask of peace and good will to all men. For Mr. Edmund Gwenn, whose prodigious career exhibits a whole gallery of *bonhomie* culminating in "The Skin Game," so entirely and irrefutably characterised the sunny side that we never dreamed of doubting his overflowing cup of human kindness. His very appearance radiated the atmosphere of the seventh heaven. Rotund, jolly, with laughing eyes and an everlasting smile that seemed to sow brightness on all the people on the stage and in the auditorium, there was something of a Santa Claus in his mien and manner. Here was the joy of living personified; here was the perfect husband, the perfect father, the perfect hail-fellow-well-met friend. He even greeted the police inspector in quest of evidence as a comrade—"Have a smoke? Have a

mastery by the author, but because it is so completely humanised by the actor that it obviates all criticism; because in the mirror of nature we see the full reflex of the man as he was designed to be; because, like the Sphinx, it hides its inwardness under the mask of an enigma.



"THE SHINING HOUR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: JUDY LINDEN (ADRIANNE ALLEN), DAVID LINDEN, HER HUSBAND (RAYMOND MASSEY), AND MARIELLA LINDEN, HIS LOVER (GLADYS COOPER), IN A TENSE PLAY SET IN A YORKSHIRE FARMHOUSE.

Keith Winter's new play, "The Shining Hour," began at the St. James's Theatre on September 4. It is a fine, swift drama, and its very enthusiastic reception seemed to herald a long run.

## THE SEASON OPENS.

Back from holidays in the country to the teeming life of London and the World of the Theatre. But I come back refreshed—nay, exhilarated—for such are the delights of the playhouse, such are the joys of the theatre, that not only have I spent my time visiting the plays that have been produced during my absence, and some of the plays that this week have followed each other in nightly succession, but I feel I want to write my impression of them all. The bursting activity of these

entertainment, presents a chiaroscuro of effects, a maze of quick-fire items, with song and dance weaving their characteristic negroid patterns against a spectacular background in breathless entertainment. It seems peculiarly fitting that the more serious fare, the play proper as distinct from amusement, should first open at Swiss Cottage, for, under Mr. Ronald Adams's capable and inspired management, the Embassy, though situated in the suburbs, has won for itself the prestige of a West-End house. In the new play, "Napoleon," by Mr. Alfred Sangster, we had the name of a playwright who, in his study of the Brontës, had already shown his ability to present biography in effective theatrical terms. But the promising opening did not fulfil itself, for the author has fallen into that besetting trap which so often wrecks such plays, and so sacrificed truth for effect.

It is a difficult and rarely accomplished feat to describe genius and give it authority on the stage, and only by preserving steady proportion in characterisation, by illuminating and selective use of illustrative event, and by dialogue that not only carries narrative but persuasion, can it be accomplished. It is the fault of this study that the emphases are false in their impressions and that the essential greatness of Napoleon is not revealed in the play. Mr. Edward Chapman draws a portrait as acceptable as the text will allow, but with the drama collapsing beneath his feet, his Napoleon dwarfs into an effigy without genuine life. Miss Margaret Rawlings, an actress of fine ability, gives to Josephine something of validity, though here again theatrical demands are more insistent, and therefore destructive, than the pages of history. The play has its interests, both of performance and in passages where the author has found the kernel of his problem; but these passages are stranded in theatrical deserts which may have their entertaining values but which bear no relation to the dynamic character which is the subject of the play's biography. It is not curious to those familiar with the ways of the theatre that Mr. Sangster's play is the first of a series to be produced this autumn with Napoleon

as the inspiration, and no event will be more keenly anticipated than Herr Hermann Bahr's "Josephine," adapted by Mr. Emlyn Williams, which will be presented on Sept. 25 at His Majesty's by the renowned German director, Professor Robert, with whom I hope to have an interview for the next "World of the Theatre."

At the King's, Hammersmith, Mr. Arnold Ridley's "Headline" provides strong, episodic, melodramatic entertainment, and provides Miss Olga Lindo, Mr. Harold Warrender, and Mr. Leon M. Lion with well-judged contrasting parts which they take with sure ease; but to the values of melodrama Mr. Ridley has added the stiffening of an idea. The gong has sounded in the suburbs, and "The Shining Hour," fresh from its New York conquest, storms the St. James's. The season is open.



"MURDER IN MAYFAIR," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: IVOR NOVELLO AS JACQUES CLAVEL AND EDNA BEST AS AURIOL CRANNOCK IN A TENSE SCENE.

talk?"—and, whilst the minion of the law, replete with evidence but minus the all-necessary convicting point, tried to snare him in his net of cross-examination, Mr. Gwenn escaped the answers, buzzing around him like a humming bee, trying to deviate his interlocutor from the scent, while lying with such dexterity as to make the late lamented Mr. Ananias blush.

We often talk of art concealing artifice. This performance of Mr. Edmund Gwenn is the acme of that great gift; it is only rivalled in the theatre of London to-day by that superfine delineation of the Scotch landlady of Miss Margaret Moffatt in "The Wind and the Rain," at the St. Martin's. It is difficult to explain the supreme merit of these two wonderful characterisations. It is brought about by unceasing practice, by an innate sense of the theatre, by a kind of repressed technique that only leaks out in graphic, exquisite touches, and by such complete understanding of human nature as qualifies the performer as a histrionic sculptor moulding the clay of his part to live reality. The figure of George Radfern as impersonated by Mr. Edmund Gwenn in "Laburnum Grove" becomes unforgettable, not only because it has been drawn with

first nights proclaims the season is now open, and onward through the winter to the limit of another summer plays will come and go, and the more fortunate will, by their merits, stay to bless all concerned with them.

The prelude to the new season was opened with a "Harlem Rhapsody" at the Coliseum, where Mr. Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds of 1934," true to the tradition of that home of popular



IVOR NOVELLO AS JACQUES CLAVEL.



EDNA BEST AS AURIOL CRANNOCK.



FAY COMPTON AS MARY VENTYRE.



ZENA DARE AS MRS. SHERRY.



ROBERT ANDREWS AS BILL SHERRY.



LINDEN TRAVERS AS JILL SHERRY.

## "MURDER IN MAYFAIR": PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN IVOR NOVELLO'S NEW PLAY.

"Murder in Mayfair," by Ivor Novello, opened at the Globe Theatre on September 5. Here are shown six principal members of the strong cast. Auriol Crannock is the one that gets murdered. Who was the murderer? One can at least be sure that it was either that great pianist, Jacques Clavel, or else the unhappy youth, Bill Sherry.



# THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE IN HARVEST TIME: HORSE-POWER.

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY DONE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPED.



"TOPPING THE HILL."



"A CHIN-WAG ON HORSE-POWER."

We continue here our series of drawings by Edmund Blampied, interrupted in our last issue through pressure on our space. In these examples the artist devotes his talent for kindly satire and detailed observation to the portrayal of

rustic characters in the autumn countryside of England. Horse-power is the theme of both these drawings. The upper one shows it in a literal sense; the lower is typical of an age in which horse-power has become "h.p."



## AFRICA ON THAMES: A COMPLETE FOR THE FILMING



## CONGO VILLAGE AT SHEPPERTON OF "BOSAMBO."



1. AN AFRICAN VILLAGE AT SHEPPERTON FOR THE FILMING OF AN EDGAR WALLACE STORY: THE CHIEF SITTING IN STATE, SURROUNDED BY HIS COURT, IN A SETTING OF PALM-TREES, REED-THATCHED HUTS, HUMAN SKULLS, AND ANIMALS' HEADS.

2. AN AFRICAN SCENE ON A QUIET BACKWATER OF THE THAMES: SOME OF THE FIFTY HUTS OF THE CONGO VILLAGE, WITH NATIVE DUGOUTS ON THE WATER AND TROPICAL PLANTS DROOPING OVER THE BANKS.

3. AN ORCHESTRA OF DRUMS AT SOUND CITY, THE PLAYERS BEATING ON THE STRETCHED SKIN: SOME OF THE TWO HUNDRED INHABITANTS OF SHEPPERTON'S AFRICAN VILLAGE MAKING NATIVE MUSIC.

4. THE WITCH-DOCTOR: A FIGURE OF MEREED POWER IN AN AFRICAN COMMUNITY—BLESSING AND SISTER IN HIS ELABORATE TRAPPINGS.

5. THE DRUM: AN INSTRUMENT LIKE AN ENLARGED ICE-CREAM CORNET, WITH SKIN STRETCHED TIGHTLY ACROSS THE TOP.

One of the most remarkable sets ever put up for the cinema is the African village at Shepperton-on-Thames. There, to complete a film of which the greater part has been photographed in the Congo, there has been set up a complete African landscape, with a village of fifty reed-thatched huts, where over two hundred natives dwell. Tropical plants bend over the sluggish waters of a Thames backwater, and the heavy foliage of the jungle presses in upon the community: dug-out canoes and all the paraphernalia of a native village, down to the last skull and ornament, give the eye a complete illusion of Africa. The film, formerly called "Kongo Raid," is to be entitled "Bosambo." It is based on one of Edgar Wallace's most popular series of stories, "Sanders of the River." The hero of the tale that Edgar Wallace told is Mr. Commissioner Sanders, known as "Sandi" to the tribes. He was called upon, in the 'nineties, to keep a watchful eye on some quarter of a million cannibal folk living on the fringes of the Togo country in West Africa. The people he governed lived three hundred miles beyond the border of civilisation—some of them lawless warriors whose livelihood was gained, if possible, by raiding their neighbours, and others helpless pastoral tribes, ever open to attack and too timorous to retaliate. In this vast district Sanders had few resources to aid him in keeping the peace beyond his own prestige, based on firmness in meting out punishment and knowledge of and sympathy with native ways. Once, in an attempt to bolster up the courage of the defenceless Ochori and strike terror into the hearts of their warlike neighbours, Sanders gave them a fetish, inscribed with mysterious lettering and studded with white man's magic, to set up at the border of their domains. It consisted of a board on a post, bearing the words "Trespasars Beware!" This fetish was certainly an efficacious one; and its effect in adding valour to the Ochori qualities was heightened by the arrival, about the same time, of Bosambo, a Liberian negro

from Monrovia. He was a fugitive from justice, and, escaping to Ochori territory, he took refuge there. Soon afterwards the chief of the Ochori died suddenly—in great pain. So did his successor. Bosambo had personality. He called the people together, announced that obviously their many gods were displeased, and explained that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he, Bosambo, should be their chief. The tale, related with all Edgar Wallace's spirit and vigour, goes on to tell of a strange transformation in the character of the Ochori—and of endless other adventures that Sanders had. The elaborate preparations at Shepperton include a reproduction of the "Zaire"—Sanders' stern-wheel paddle-steamer, in which, with his native Hausas, he so rapidly and unexpectedly used to reach troubled districts in his administration of the law. The African sequences of the film, already shot, include wonderful photographs of wild game and of natives manning their war-canoes and shooting rapids with incredible skill. The part of Bosambo is taken by Paul Robeson, and the part of his wife by Nina Mae McKinney, the coloured actress who has had so great a success in revue in London. Leslie Banks is Mr. Commissioner Sanders. The natives in camp at Shepperton were recruited for the work from northern seaports, but most of them were born in Africa, and many belong to the Ochori and other tribes represented in the film. They were put in charge of Major Wallace, the explorer, who speaks their language and knows their customs. "Bosambo" is being directed for London Films by Zoltan Korda, who, earlier in the year, spent five months in the Congo jungles and obtained photographs of native life, battles, dances and customs never before filmed. Vincent Korda, the London Films art director, was responsible for the building of the village at Shepperton. The construction was carried out by the natives themselves, from material which is genuine native handiwork.

6. AN EXTRAORDINARILY REALISTIC SETTING AT SHEPPERTON-ON-THAMES: THE NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE SUNLIGHT OF EARLY MORNING, WITH TROPICAL PLANTS AND DENSE JUNGLE SURROUNDING THE REED-THATCHED HUTS.

7. A WEST AFRICAN WARRIOR OUTSIDE HIS HUT, BEARING A SPEAR, A LARGE DECORATED SHIELD, AND WEARING A FANTASTIC PLUMED HEAD-DESS: THE SPIRIT OF THE CONGO BROUGHT TO MIDDLESSEX.

8. PLAYERS IN THE FILM "BOSAMBO," SOME OF WHOM SCENES ARE BEING SHOT AT SHEPPERTON: A STUDY OF AFRICAN HAPPINESS NEAR LONDON.

9. AFRICAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE NATIVE VILLAGE: PLAYERS IN A FILM BASED ON "SANDERS OF THE RIVER," ONE OF EDGAR WALLACE'S FINEST SERIES OF STORIES.

10. THE WARRIOR: AN AFRICAN HUNTER WITH HIS KILLING SPEAR POISED ABOVE THE PLACED SURFACE OF A THAMES BACKWATER.



# THE BEAVER PEOPLE.—By GREY OWL.

The Story of Grey Owl, Anahareo, and the Beaver McGinnis & McGinty.\*

VII.  
(Continued.)

THEY did the most unforeseen, unheard-of things, and were at times incorrigibly mischievous. If variety is the spice of life, they supplied, by their diverse and sometimes rather violent activities, a condiment that certainly had a very enlivening effect on ours. It often took a good deal of forbearance to view with any approach to appreciation the results of what they seemed to consider a fair day's work. In their spare time they were always demanding something, or moving some small object from place to place,

of course, in spite of conditions that were so unnatural to their kind. They had no tank, but lived precisely as any land animal would have done, getting along quite contentedly with only a wash-dish nailed to the floor for drinking purposes. They were quite well satisfied with this arrangement, for, though the door was open frequently during soft weather, they made no attempt to go down to the lake. Once we took them to the water-hole, but they refused to enter or drink out of it, but got off the ice as quickly as possible and scrambled up the snow path back to camp.



A BEAVER-HOUSE NEARLY COMPLETED: A BEAVER SWIMMING TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE LODGE, WHICH IS NOT YET COVERED.

or frolicking in amongst our feet, and we were really never rid of them save while they slept, and not always then. But they seemed so happy with everything, and their laughter-provoking antics so livened up the dull and dingy cabin, that we forgave them much of the inconvenience they put us to. Dave, the old Algonquin Indian, who had kept beaver himself in his younger days, had warned us of what we would be up against, and had told us some incredible yarns which we had hardly believed at the time; but I began to think that he had not told us the half of it.

And as these little elf-like creatures hopped and capered at their work, ran back and forth or staggered around erect, appearing and disappearing in the semi-darkness beneath the bunk or the table or in corners, there appeared to be not two, but a number of them, so that the place had at last something of the atmosphere of being inhabited by a whole crowd of small, busy sprites. They were continually emitting queer cries and signals to one another in their shrill, adolescent treble, and they made attempts to communicate with us in the same way, and were often astonishingly intelligible. Sometimes they squatted upright on the floor, and performed their periodical and very meticulous toilet, or sat with their hands held tight to their breasts and their tails before them, looking like nothing so much as small mahogany-coloured idols.

There were moments in the midst of their most intense activity when they would stop concertedly, and, in attitudes of arrested motion, regard us with sudden, silent watchfulness; eyeing us searchingly, steadfastly, and so very wisely, as though, realising all at once that we were not as themselves, they were trying to reach some decision concerning us; or as if to say: "Yes, big fellows, we know; we are small now, but just you wait a while." And their looks on these occasions seemed to be so full of meaning, as their actions were often so much to the purpose, that, as they stood regarding us so strangely, they gave an eerie effect of being little dumb people with twilight minds who would some day, astoundingly, speak to us.

But towards the close of their hours of wakefulness there would come a time when all this wisdom and alertness, all the skill and artful planning, all the business and contriving, would be discarded and forgotten. And the aura of semi-human superinstinct would quite disappear, and leave behind it nothing but two little animals who had become suddenly very weary, and who plodded soberly over each to his human friend to be lifted up, and then, with long-drawn sighs of vast content, fall fast asleep. These versatile guests of ours accepted camp life as a matter



A LODGE: A PLAN OF A BEAVER-HOUSE.

Their efforts to carry out their numerous plans resulted in the interior arrangements of the cabin being sometimes grotesque and often exceedingly messy. The most notable of these was an attempt to build themselves a house. They had taken full possession of the space beneath the bunk, with a proprietary air that was very droll to see in creatures so small. This spot they undertook to turn into a kind of private chamber, to which end they one night removed the entire contents of the wood-box, and constructed with it a barricade all down the outside, between the bunk and the floor, leaving the end open as a means of egress. Inside the enclosure thus formed they next cut a hole in the flooring, and dug out a tunnel under the rear wall, which, when large enough, served as a bed-room, though its present purpose was to provide material for plastering the skeleton rampart already erected.

We were not aware of the addition of this mud-mine to the domestic arrangements until one day we saw something coming up and over this rampart, to fall with a heavy "plunk" on the floor—a lump of mud. A stone followed, of fair size; a little later more dobs of mud, large dobs, about the full of a quart measure apiece. Inspection revealed the tunnel, and also the fact that the inside of their partition was well and smoothly plastered. The odd consignments that had appeared on the floor were merely a little excess material that had slopped over. When they came out later they collected this and tamped the outside with it; they were really very economical. Moreover, they were well organised, as, the tunnel being as yet only big enough for one to pass at a time, they sometimes worked in shifts. When they both were on the job together, one brought out the material and the other took it and did the decorating.

All this explained the mysterious thumps and scrapings, and the sound of grunts and loud breathing, that had been

heard for some nights past issuing from under the bed. This barricade was eventually plastered completely, both inside and out, except at one end, where a small aperture was left open, apparently for observation purposes, as the window in the barrel had been. When soft weather occurred, the burrow being under the low side of the cabin, all the drippings poured off the roof down on to it and soaked through, transforming the stiff mud into a thin batter. At such times they would come out into the cabin so plastered with this gooey mess as to be almost unrecognisable, and would disport themselves all over the floor, or try to clamber into our knees whilst in this condition.

We had read a book dealing with the building of the Union Pacific railroad in early days, and this construction work of theirs, with its wooden framework and earthen fill, reminded us a good deal of the description given; and the resolution and industry of the Irish workers engaged on it was well emulated by our own ambitious pioneers under the bed. So we now gave them Irish names, McGinnis and McGinty, to be as near alike as possible. These names suited them very well indeed, as they were as energetic and, at times, as peppery as any two gentlemen from Cork could well have been. Ever since the barrel had been discarded we had ceased to call them Emigrants, but had named them separately, also from characters in books. The male (now McGinnis) had a little game he used to play. Every day at noon, when he arose, he would lie watchfully hiding behind the corner of his entrenchment until one of us passed, when he would charge violently out and engage whoever it was in mock combat. This tournament took place each morning without fail and was his one big moment of the day; so we made it a point to be sure of passing the appointed spot when we espied him. Then, soon after the assault, which was always made in silence and apparent deadly earnest, out would come McGinty to speak her morning monologue, declaiming in a loud voice with many different tones in it. And sometimes the two of them would sit there in the morning line-up as though for inspection and parade, and solemnly wag their heads in the way they have, and make the strangest sounds.

And the warrior became known as Ivanhoe, while the other, on account of her discoursing and long-winded speeches, we had called Hawkeye, after a character we had read about who was always moralising and laying down the law to those about him. But we liked the new, industrious-sounding names the better, and they got to know them very well; but, being so much alike, as they themselves were, when one of them was called they both would come. And this was the very last of all their christenings.

After the morning exercises we fed them tidbits, which they retired into their house to eat, sitting as far apart as possible, and scolding under their breath to ward off possible attempts at piracy. The very audible smacking of lips as they ate often made us wish they could be induced to take some soup, to see just what effect would be produced. They were very choosy, too, and had individual tastes, being satisfied with no odds and ends or leavings, and, if several pieces were offered them from the same bannock, they spent some time in their selection, like the hero in a novel who, in moments of stress, selects so carefully one cigarette out of a dozen all identical in appearance. The lunch disposed of, they would emerge for the day's doings in great fettle, coming on deck all cleared for action, forging around the camp very alert and bustling in manner, as if to say: "Well, here we are; what to do?" And almost always it was not long before everyone was doing, ourselves included.

The fidelity with which their voices and actions registered their emotions was a constant source of interest to us, and they even seemed to

be gifted with some kind of a sense of humour. I have seen one of them torment the other until the victim emitted a squawk of protest, and then, having apparently accomplished his purpose, the aggressor would shake his head back and forth and twist his body as though in convulsions of mirth, and then repeat the performance; so that an onlooker once said that he fully expected to hear the creature laugh.

There is no doubt that they possessed, in common with all their kind, capabilities not usually found in animals, though I much doubt that these could be any further developed in so self-willed and independent a nature; but, prepared as we constantly were for the unexpected, I think neither of us will quite forget the first time we saw them engaged in what is, to a beaver, his national pastime. I had seen dogs, wolves, and foxes tussle, and had watched most of the other beasts, from cougars to squirrels, tumble around and paw at one another like the animals they were. But these extraordinary creatures, not satisfied with the amusements that other beasts are contented with, stood up on their hind-legs, put their short arms around each other as far as they would reach, and wrestled like men! Back and forth, round and round—but never sideways—forcing, shoving, and stamping, grunting with the efforts put forth, using all the footwork they knew how, they would contest mightily for the supremacy. When one was, perhaps after some minutes, finally vanquished, with loud squeals, the bout was immediately terminated, and they would make a few hops and turn their attention to their more sober occupations.

These strictly legal pursuits did not, however, supply the capricious and enterprising McGinty with quite all the excitement she craved. She developed a mild criminality complex, one of those "kinks" we hear so much about. Although she had free access to the few potatoes we had

\* "The Beaver People," which we are publishing in instalments, is extracted from Grey Owl's new book, "The Pilgrims of the Wild," which will be published early next year by Messrs. Lovat Dickson. The first, second, and third instalments were in our issues of August 23, September 1, and September 8.



saved, and had helped herself to them at will quite openly, she suddenly seemed to get the idea that stealing them would be more fun. She took to going behind the bag and extracting them stealthily through a hole, and could be seen creeping along close to the wall with her booty, no doubt thoroughly enjoying the thrill. We allowed her to do this, of course, and enjoyed watching her. Now, opposition is the breath of life to a beaver; their whole life-training is associated with the overcoming of obstacles, and, the great incentive not being forthcoming in this instance, the pastime soon palled.

She next commenced purloining tobacco. We were apprised of this during the night by some very mournful wailing which we had come to recognise as meaning real trouble, and we discovered the bold buccaneer laid out in the middle of the floor not far from the stolen goods, which had been partly consumed. The poor little beast was evidently suffering and tried to crawl over to us, but was unable to get her hind-legs under her, as though paralysed. We picked her up carefully and laid her on the bunk. She was Anahareo's pet and clung to her, clutching at her clothes with paws, so like hands, that had lost their strength. She made no further sound, but the look of dumb appeal, the weak attempts to get as close as possible to this well-loved haven of refuge, spoke more eloquently than any sound she could have made. A beaver in serious trouble will sometimes grip you tightly, and look at you and seem to beg. I had not seen this before, and it moved me profoundly to search some past experiences for a cure. I prepared an emetic, but she would not or could not swallow it. She fell asleep or into a coma and her heart action nearly ceased, and I suddenly remembered a case of opium poisoning I had seen or heard of, or read about somewhere. I told Anahareo to rub her, rub her hard over the whole body, to massage the hands and feet, to keep her awake at all costs. It seemed cruel, but it was a case of kill or cure. Meanwhile, at Anahareo's suggestion, I prepared a hot mustard-bath. We put the beaver in it and her head fell forward into the mixture; we held it up. She was unconscious. The liquor did not penetrate the fur right away, but the feet and broad expanse of tail were exposed to it, and it had an almost immediate, though slight, effect. With her hand under the breast, Anahareo announced an increasing heart-action. The unconscious animal became alive enough to moan and hold up her head, but drooped again soon after being taken out, and soon the heart weakened so that its beat was almost imperceptible. Anahareo rubbed hard and continuously and kept her awake while I prepared another bath. Placed in it she came to her senses again. We went at the thing systematically, and the camp soon had the appearance of a hospital ward, as we bathed the helpless little creature and tried to rub the life into her with towels. She was slipping away from under our hands, eyes closed, motionless, sinking. There seemed little hope. We worked over her for ten hours. We kept her heart going, but during that time she had three convulsions. Yet she still lived, and the time of dawn, so often fatal, was passing. I had seen more than one life go out on its grey, receding tide. At daylight she had seemed to pass the crisis. She began to show signs of returning vigour. Her heart beat strongly; she stood up on her four legs. Then she took one last convulsion and straightened out. I dropped my towel; this must be the end.

"Well, Pony,"\* I commenced, and then turned to put wood in the stove, and found other business in that direction. I didn't want to see. There would be a heart-break in the death of this small dumb beast. And then I heard a cry behind me; not a wailing, not a lamentation, as I expected, but a declaiming, a discoursing with strange, half-human sounds in it, a long, loud monologue as of one laying down the law. And then I turned to see McGinty sitting bolt upright and making some attempt to comb her wet, bedraggled coat. Truly at the eleventh hour. And then I heard another sound from Anahareo.

It was the first time I had ever heard her cry.

Meanwhile McGinnis, either having become lonesome, or sensing in that indefinable way peculiar to animals that something was wrong, had been for some time trying to climb into the bunk, so we restored his partner to him and gave him some attention. For once he would have none of us, but flew to McGinty and smelled her carefully, as though to be sure of her identity after so long an absence, and plucked at her and made small sounds, short, mumbling little whimpers that we had never heard before, and ran beside her, nose to nose, while she exclaimed in that strident voice of hers, as was her fashion. And from under the bunk the whimpering sounds continued for quite some time; and later, when we looked in to see if our patient was quite recovered, the two of them lay with their hands firmly embedded in each other's fur, as they had done so often when they were very, very small.

This dramatic episode put a period on McGinty's debut into the underworld, and for some time after she was quite exemplary. Any real misfortune seemed to have quite a chastening effect on them, and McGinnis, for his part,

had been so good since his misadventure on the ice that Anahareo was quite convinced that he could not be long for this world.

They had contradictory, if not complex, characters, with strongly marked individual traits. McGinnis, if reprimanded, obeyed immediately and busied himself elsewhere, only to return to the forbidden act at a later date, with an air of the most disarming innocence, to again retire when requested. McGinty had to be practically forced into compliance, and would seize the first opportunity to continue whatever depredation she had been engaged in. As soon as she saw that she had again attracted unwelcome attention, she would start to squeal, in advance protest against the inevitable interference, meanwhile addressing herself to the matter in the most determined manner, sticking at it until the last possible moment. Yet it was all taken in good part, and there were never any hard feelings, and this wilfulness, with resultant scoldings, in no way impaired their affection for us, and never was allowed to interfere with that hour of quiet and peaceful intimacy, which seemed to play such an important part in their daily lives, when by-gones were by-gones and we were all such good friends together; and when perhaps they missed, in some dim, wistful way, the mother-love that was forever lost to them.

On one point, however, they were strongly in accord, and that was in a determination to find out, by hook or by crook, what lay concealed beyond their reach upon the table. This table and its inaccessible contents had had an irresistible fascination for them from the time it was first set up. They seemed to think that they were missing something here. They were especially clamorous at meal times, and, although we often gave them all the food they could dispose of, it did not assuage their burning desire to explore this piece of forbidden territory. They tried by every means possible to them to accomplish this object, and they once succeeded in pulling down the oil-cloth cover. The resulting crash of tin dishes must have been very edifying, but this, apparently, was not enough. I had an idea they would eventually do something about it, but

can, under good direction, do a lot in a short space of time; in this instance the supervision had been adequate and the results sweeping. The place was a wreck.

The beaver had at last got the table where they wanted it, having brought it down to their level by the simple expedient of cutting off the legs. We hadn't thought of that; there was always something you didn't think of with these hooligans. The long-coveted contents of this piece of furniture must have been disappointing, consisting mostly of utensils, but these had been removed, and most of them we found in the den later; some of them were never recovered, and probably had been deposited in the far end of the tunnel. Our other fixtures were lying scattered over the floor in various stages of demolition. The wash-stand also was down, and the soap had disappeared. A five-gallon can containing coal-oil had fallen to the floor, and had landed, luckily, right side up. The floor itself had escaped serious damage, but was covered with chips and slivers and the dismembered trunks of our butchered belongings. The scene must have been very animated whilst in progress.

Since that time I have been subjected to similar and even more devastating visitations, but, as an introduction to what might lay in store at a future date, this was a little staggering, and certainly we were in no shape to receive a guest. Meanwhile, these whimsical playmates of ours, interrupted in their setting-up exercises by our arrival, were cautiously inspecting us through the loophole in their fortification, and, identifying us, now came out, two little capering gnomes that hopped over the piles of debris to welcome us home. It was no use to punish them, as they would not have known what it was all about, being no longer in the act. We had thwarted their natural instincts, and must pay for it. So we fed them the dainties that the cook had sent, while they sat amongst the wreckage and ate them—enjoying the finishing touch to what probably had been the most perfect day of their lives.

#### VIII.

#### VISITING WILD FOLK.—"FALSTAFF" & WHISKEY JACKS.

Apart from their purely physical activities, the mental and emotional capabilities displayed by these creatures, not yet fully developed, aroused in our minds a good deal of speculation as to where instinct ceased and conscious mental effort began. I once saw in a newspaper a photograph of a Japanese railroad depot with the caption attached: "Just like any other station!", as though the editor had been rather surprised to find that it was not built of bamboo and paper. My reaction towards any unusual demonstration of intelligence by an animal had, up till now, been much the same.

But since the coming of these small ambassadors from a hitherto unexplored realm, the existence of which had so far been only grudgingly acknowledged, this condescending point of view was no longer possible to either of us, and delving yet further into this remarkable new world offered fascinating possibilities. Other animals, too, might have qualities which, whilst not so spectacular, perhaps, might be worth investigating.

The opportunities were unusually good. There was a good deal of soft weather that winter, and creatures of all kinds were very active, and, with the new angle on wild life which our experiences with the beaver had given us, we thought it might be interesting to cultivate these others and see just how they responded. Anahareo had made friends with a musk-rat that frequented the water-hole and was something of a nuisance there, keeping it filled with grass and empty clam-shells. He was a fat, jolly-looking fellow, whom we called Falstaff, on account of his paunchy look and the fact that he was always eating when visible, and he used to sit at the edge of the ice and eat the morsels she put down there for him.

He eventually got so tame that she could feed him by hand, and I think he watched for her at last, as he would come bobbing out soon after she started down to feed him. He would trot a few feet out on the ice in her direction as if to meet her, and, losing confidence, go scurrying back through the hole, only to pop out again and make another sortie and retreat. Day by day these runs got longer and longer, and the retirements less precipitate as his assurance increased, so that his education advanced by hops and runs, if not by leaps and bounds. He had a small house of mud and weeds down at the shore, and had companions in there, but they could never be induced to put in an appearance.

We had, besides, two squirrels who learned to come when called and jump on us, and took bits of bannock from our fingers. These two disagreed violently whenever they met, but in their dealings with us they displayed an ingratiating amiability that might or might not have been counterfeit, and was no doubt inspired by the ever present hope of a hand-out.

(To be Continued Next Week.)



AFTER THE BEAVER-HOUSE HAD BEEN COMPLETED AND ITS ENTRANCE COVERED: A MOTHER BEAVER ADDING A FINAL TOUCH OR TWO TO THE LODGE, WHILE A YOUNG BEAVER LOOKS ON FROM THE WATER.

The beaver carries most of its plastering material while in an erect position, walking up the steep side of the lodge with a steady, well-balanced gait.

was not prepared for what actually did happen. We had never left them alone for more than a few hours at a time, on account of the cold, but one day, it being quite soft, we both took a trip to a lumber camp some miles away, and, being invited to stay the night, felt safe to do so. The cook, who had heard about the beaver, was very interested and expressed a desire to see them, so we suggested that he come over. As we were leaving, he gave us a good-sized parcel of treats for the beaver, and said that he would be along to see us that day. As this was to be our first visitor here, we wanted to give him a good welcome, and hurried home to prepare it. We found the door hard to open. That was because the blankets were piled against it. This, however, was the least of our troubles. Beaver

\* Anahareo's nickname.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN reviewing here, from time to time, various books bearing on war and peace, I have more than once ventured on the assertion that our social order and national existence rest ultimately on force, and I have urged the vital importance of a strong British Empire, working in friendly co-operation with the United States, as the best bulwark of world peace under present conditions. Consequently, I find myself already a supporter of many propositions put forward, with much greater cogency, in "Dogs of War." By F. Yeats-Brown (Peter Davies; 6s.). This book, I need hardly mention, has nothing to do with the intelligent animals trained by Major Richardson. As indicated by the quotation on its title-page—

*Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war—*

it is primarily a counterblast to the well-known pacifist work of Mr. Beverley Nichols, who took his title from the first two words of this Shakespearean line. Readers who wish to compare the two views are given every opportunity, for Major Yeats-Brown is always fair to an opponent, and quotes his strongest arguments before meeting them.

While, then, I found myself agreeing with Major Yeats-Brown to a large extent, particularly regarding national defence, in the air and otherwise, yet there are passages where I cannot follow him so easily. He seems to me to glorify war unduly as a means of spiritual reformation, overlooking its sordid and squalid phases, and, while seeing it from the individual standpoint of a soldier, to forget the untold anguish it causes among relatives and friends of the dead and wounded. In his sublimation of war and the fighting spirit there is an element of mysticism, which I think hardly touches the common run of men, and I doubt whether there exists so wide a craving for the supernatural as he declares is satisfied by war. Again, he seems to me too apt to impute base and unworthy motives to those striving to prevent the recurrence of war. Many of them, conceivably, are actuated by sympathy for others' suffering, and a desire to avert from future generations another enormous disaster.

Major Yeats-Brown draws a subtle distinction between pacifists and peace-lovers, among which latter he classes himself. Indeed, he dwells so often on his love of peace, and on the personal tragedies of war that have touched his own life, that I feel a little doubtful sometimes whether he is entirely consistent. The fact is that he is not so much against peace as against the Pacifist method of seeking it. "If pacifism," he writes, "be the desire to promote peace by all reasonable means, then I am a pacifist. But I don't want to be mixed up with the other pacifists who will not fight for their King and Country in any circumstances, and if there is any danger of confusion with them I prefer to be called a militarist, for my King and Country mean much to me. I think that those who deny their King and Country, far from promoting a reign of peace and equity, are the 'unseen assassins' of to-day, backsliders from the modern spirit, outcasts from the brotherhood which seeks to lift up a living nation by a nationalism which seeks not outside adventure but social reform."

Everyone will agree that war brings out much heroism and self-sacrifice. In the nature of things it could hardly be otherwise, but I do not think it is the only cause of such conduct. Heroism and self-sacrifice may assume other forms in civil life. Major Yeats-Brown suggests that if danger disappears life would lose its zest. But is there not already some danger in the world without adding the murderous element in fighting? Ask a sailor, or a miner, or an explorer, or an airman, or a big-game hunter, or even an ordinary pedestrian! As I have said, however, the author is always ready to present a point of view differing from his own, and one of the best parts of his book, I think, is the dialogue towards the end between Y-B and A-Z, in which the objections to war are

tellingly stated. Personally, I have a suspicion that war would not now happen between civilised nations were it not for the influence, in every country, of such people as profiteers (and their women-folk), bellicose statesmen, financial jugglers, purveyors of interested propaganda, and dominant persons who put personal gain and ambition before public welfare and the common good of humanity. What peace-lovers have to do is to bring such people (abroad as well as here) to a better frame of mind.

I hardly think that Major Yeats-Brown would be in complete accord (though he might find points of agreement) with the views expressed in "WAR AND A CHANGING CIVILISATION." By C. Delisle Burns (Lane; 2s. 6d.). The author believes that, whether war comes in the near future or not, it will sooner or later be entirely obsolete. The argument of his book, as he puts it himself, tends to show that war is a survival irreconcilable with modern civilisation. "War," he declares, "belongs to the social conditions in which cannibalism, slavery, the burning of heretics, and the torture of witnesses at trials were common. The problem for us now is why, when all these other diseases of society have disappeared, war continues to be possible." Mr. Burns is particularly scornful of popular history as written for schools, in which the national "glory" of war is romanticised and its painful actualities ignored. He also has much to say about scandals connected with the trade in arms.

The trouble with this type of book is that it generally "preaches to the converted," and circulates only in its land of origin, not in foreign countries. The arguments might be acceptable, but it would still be necessary to protect ourselves in case some foreign nation remained aggressive. The best way to promote peace, perhaps, may be to educate rulers in every land and all who influence policy; to promote, by travel and otherwise, social intercourse and exchange of ideas between individuals of different

nations; to organise gradually systems of international co-operation in government, finance, and trade; and to change the motives of patriotism from belligerence to pride in the nation's contributions to the general welfare of mankind. I should add that Mr. Burns's little book is an addition to an interesting series called "The Twentieth-Century Library." Among other recent volumes in the same series that we have received are: "DEMOCRACY." By J. A. Hobson; "THE JEWS." By Norman Bentwich; "PRISONS." By M. Hamblin Smith, M.D.; "THE SCHOOL." By W. B. Curry; "MONEY." By M. A. Abrams; "THE HOME." By Naomi Mitchison; and "ART." By Eric Gill (Lane, 2s. 6d. each.).

Condemnation alike of war and capitalism seem implicit in the title of "PROPERTY OR PEACE." By Henry Noel Brailsford, author of "The War of Steel and Gold" (Gollancz; 5s.). Here, again, we have a study of the effects of war in general, and the Great War in particular, in relation to the present and future state of the world. "Our age," writes the author, "is poised precariously between order and chaos, wealth and penury, peace and war. . . . We live under a more sovereign and omnipotent system of militarism than in 1914. Military power and nothing else maintains, in Europe and overseas, the map the Allies drew. The faint perfume of idealistic incense that fell on it from Mr. Wilson's censer evaporated long ago." Mr. Brailsford advocates a world federation with a monopoly of power (in the shape of an international force) and also of armament-making. Certain objections to such a world force are, I think, convincingly stated by Major Yeats-Brown in "Dogs of War." Despite his Socialism, Mr. Brailsford still cherishes what the Bolsheviks call the "bourgeois illusion" of civil liberty. Is it possible to have both? Companion volumes to his book are "PROFITS AND POLITICS IN THE POST-WAR WORLD." An Economic Survey of Contemporary History. By R. D. Charques and A. H. Ewen; "THE BLOODLESS POGROM." A Detailed Account of the Persecution (in Germany) of "Non-Aryans." By Dr. Fritz Seidler; and "RUSSIA REPORTED" 1921-1933. By Walter Duranty (all published by Gollancz; 5s. each). A useful little work of reference from the same publishers is "AN ATLAS OF CURRENT AFFAIRS." By J. F. Horrabin (Gollancz; 3s. 6d.).

It is a contrast to turn from theoretical discussions about the ethics of war to a concrete description of warfare in practice, as presented in "FUSILIER BLUFF." The Experiences of an Unprofessional Soldier in the Near East, 1918-1919. (Bles; 8s. 6d.). This candid and occasionally cynical book is stated to be by a well-known writer who prefers here to be anonymous. He relates with ironic humour what he saw in the Near East, describing, among other things, patrols in Macedonia, the work of a Divisional Camp Commandant, and the Battle of Lake Doiran. Later he was sent to Tiflis to supervise an education scheme. The word "bluff" in the title of the book perhaps indicates the caustic and critical spirit in which it is written. His severest criticism is reserved for the events at Gallipoli and Suvla Bay, and for the "catastrophe" of the Peace Treaty at Versailles.

The author's account of certain moral (or otherwise)

effects of the Great War hardly supports Major Yeats-Brown's view that war is spiritually uplifting. Of conditions in England in 1919 we read: "The profiteer was thriving. . . . There was hardly a trade, a firm, a business in the country which was not feverishly and wickedly occupied in making a monstrous profit, and lamenting in secret the end of the war which had made those profits possible. It was the end, the total damnation of the modern system of commerce. The cost of all essential things—food, clothes, houses, machinery—was being deliberately inflated. Corners and combines in every trade were cheating and fleecing the Government itself. . . . It was the beginning of the chaos in which we are now struggling more deeply. . . . Our plight was not comparable to that of Central Europe, but it was desperately bad, and it was not due to any principle inherent in uncontrollable circumstances, but to the sheer depravity of the English trader." If this indictment be true, it does not say much for war as a well-spring of national regeneration.—C. E. B.

## Brief recit, & succinte narration, de la navigation faite es ysls de Canada, Hochelage & Saguenay & autres, avec particulieres meurs, langage, & ceremonies des habitans d'icelles: fort delectable a veoir.

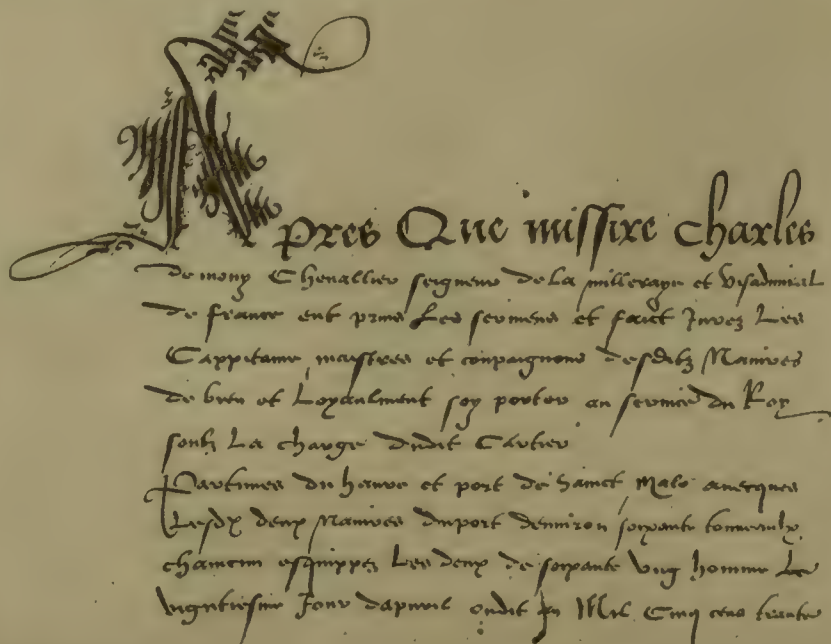


Avec privilege.  
On les uend à Paris au second pillier en la grand  
salle du Palais, & en la rue neufue nostredame à  
l'enseigne de lefeu de frâce, par Ponce Rosset dict  
Faucheur, & Anthoine le Clerc freres.

1 5 4 5.

THE FIRST EDITION OF CARTIER'S "RELATIONS,"  
PRINTED AT PARIS IN 1545—THE NAVIGATOR'S  
OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS CANADIAN DISCOVERIES:  
A FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE.

The fourth centenary of Jacques Cartier's landing in Canada has recently been celebrated at various Canadian centres; and in this connection it is interesting to note that the first edition of the navigator's "Relations" has proved so rare that but a single copy is known to exist. The title-page reads: "Brief recit, et succinte narration, de la navigation faite es ysls de Canada, Hochelage, et Saguenay et autres, avec particulieres meurs, langage, et ceremonies des habitans d'icelles: fort delectable a veoir." And below the figure: "Avec privilege. On les uend à Paris au second pillier en la grand salle du Palais, et en la rue neufue nostredame à l'enseigne de lefeu de frâce, par Ponce Rosset dict Faucheur, et Anthoine le Clerc freres. 1545."



THE OPENING LINES OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF CARTIER'S FIRST VOYAGE,  
1534, PRESERVED IN THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

These lines may be translated: "After Messire Charles de Mony, Knight, Seigneur de La Milleraye, and Vice-Admiral of France, had taken the oaths and sworn in the captain, masters, and men of the said ships, that they should bear themselves well and loyally in the service of the King under the command of the said Cartier; we left the harbour and port of St. Malo with the said two ships, of the burden of about sixty tons each, the two manned by sixty-one men, on the twentieth day of April, in the said year, one thousand five hundred and thirty (four). . . ."

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. William H. Robinson, 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.





C.F.H.

— On His Majesty's Service —





*Gilbert Cousland*

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# AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: AN ADVENTURE INTO THE AIR.

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"LEARNING TO FLY."—BY RUDOLF BALOGH.



## AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: "PERSONAL ARTISTIC FEELING AND EXECUTION."

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



1. "DECORATION."—BY W. A. HOOKER.
2. "THE SEAGULL ASSEMBLY."—BY K. MATSUKI.
3. "EXPECTANCY."—BY JOHN H. ANDERSON.
4. "VALENCIANA."—BY J. ORTIZ ECHAGUE.

THE twenty-fifth of the London Salon of Photography's annual exhibitions opened in the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall East, on September 8 and will remain open until October 6. That the show is well worth seeing goes without saying. And it may be recalled that "the aim of the London Salon is to exhibit only that class of work in pictorial photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution."



# AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: TRADERS OF THE FAR EAST.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"JUNKS."--BY KYOZO HAYASHI.



# PERSONALITIES AND RECENT OCCASIONS: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE WEEK'S NEWS.



**PROFESSOR ROGER FRY.**

Died September 9, from effects of a recent fall. Aged sixty-seven. Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge since 1933. Famous art critic and exponent of modern artistic theory. First became prominent by organising Post-Impressionist exhibitions (1911 and 1913), which aroused keen controversy. A founder of the London Group. Author of "Vision and Design" and "Transformation." Held for a time the post of Curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



**LORD DEVONPORT.**

Died September 5; aged seventy-eight. First Chairman of the Port of London Authority (1909-1925). Founded the firm of Kearley and Tonge, provision merchants, and made a large fortune. M.P. for Devonport, 1892-1910. Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade, 1905. Made a Baronet (as Sir Hudson Kearley), 1908. Became Baron Devonport, 1910, and Viscount, 1917. During the war was appointed the first Food Controller (1916).



**MARSHAL PETAIN AT THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARNE: THE FRENCH WAR MINISTER SPEAKING.**

Speaking at Meaux, on September 9, at the ceremony commemorating the Battle of the Marne, Marshal Petain, the French War Minister, praised the military qualities of Germany, but added: "May the memory of her dead remind her that war is not a good thing in itself, and that humanity desires above all to heal its wounds, and create a general atmosphere of durable, peaceful harmony."



**THE REV. FRANK LENWOOD.**

Killed in an Alpine climbing accident, Sept. 6. Aged 59. President of the Union at Oxford, 1897. After mission tours in the Far East, became a foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society. Congregational Pastor in Plaistow since 1925.



**SIR GEORGE HENSCHEL.**

Died September 10; aged eighty-four. Famous singer, pianist, composer, and conductor. Born at Breslau, of Polish descent, 1850. In 1880 became a professor at the Royal College of Music. Knighted, 1914. Author of "Musings and Memories of a Musician."



**THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT LE BOURGET: THE FIRST STAGE (BY AIR) OF HIS TOUR TO AUSTRALIA.**

The Duke of Gloucester left Hendon by air, on September 4, on the first stage of his tour to Australia, in one of the Prince of Wales's aeroplanes. At Le Bourget he was welcomed by Sir George Clerk, British Ambassador in Paris. After dining at the Embassy, he took the night express to Marseilles, and next morning embarked in the cruiser "Sussex." Reaching Port Said on the 9th, he flew to Cairo, and stayed the night there. On the 10th he travelled by air to Suez, and rejoined the "Sussex," which left in the evening for Aden.



**THE REVIVAL OF CORNISH LANGUAGE AND CULTURE: CROWNING THE BARD WITH LAUREL AT A GORSEDD.**

The Cornish Gorsedd was held this year at Padderbury, near Liskeard. Mr. R. Morton Nance, of Carbis Bay, was crowned with a laurel wreath as the new Grand Bard. He has done much towards the revival of the old Cornish language and culture, a movement which has recently become very vigorous.



**THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER EMBARKS FOR AUSTRALIA AT MARSEILLES, AFTER A TRAIN JOURNEY ACROSS FRANCE: ASCENDING THE GANGWAY OF H.M.S. "SUSSEX."**



**BREAKING THE BRITISH GLIDING RECORD FOR DURATION: MR. J. LAVER'S SAILPLANE IN FLIGHT WHEN HE REMAINED IN THE AIR FOR OVER TWELVE HOURS.**

The British gliding record for duration was beaten on September 9 by Mr. J. Laver, of Weymouth, who thus won the Volk Cup at the British Gliding Association meeting at Sutton Bank. He took off at 7.39 a.m., and remained in the air 12 hours 20 minutes 48 seconds. The previous record was 7 hours 22 minutes, set up last May, at Dunstable, by Flying Officer E. L. Mole. Last year Mr. Laver made a record of over 7 hours. His new record-breaking flight was accomplished in the oldest sailplane at the meeting, one known as the "Dorsling," which had been bought in Germany in a damaged state and afterwards repaired. At one time he reached a height of 1500 ft.



**MAKER OF A BRITISH GLIDING RECORD FOR DURATION: MR. J. LAVER.**



**THE DEAD COMMANDER OF THE "MORRO CASTLE": CAPTAIN ROBERT WILLMOTT.**

The first account of the disaster to the "Morro Castle" stated that Captain R. E. F. Willmott, who had commanded the ship ever since her first voyage, died suddenly less than six hours before she caught fire.





# SOUTH AFRICA—

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These are an English visitor's impressions of travel in South Africa.

May we send you our descriptive booklet, “South Africa Calling,” to assist you in planning your next overseas tour? The book will be posted gratis on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



## UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### DINNER TIME IN 1725.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOMEONE suggested to me recently that most members of the public were fairly familiar with the style of individual pieces of old silver, but that very few could ever have the opportunity of seeing a table set out with a service of plate of real distinction and of an early period. The obvious reply is that the average person, in looking at a number of first-class examples shown *en bloc*, will miss a great deal of the beautiful detail which certainly provides a great part of the attraction of almost any piece of fine workmanship. Nevertheless, it seemed worth while to make the experiment, and the result is published herewith. The purist will remark that a spoon has been oddly placed between two knives to emphasise the fact that one knife is not exactly like the other, that there are no flowers because this is not meant to be a pretty picture but a demonstration of a particular fashion in silver, and that for the same reason there is no gleaming reflection from a polished

as to the interest of the average visitor in an arrangement which would enable him to see the detail of each object and at the same time show him how they look when set out for actual use. This, however, is by the way—I must deal with the pieces on the table of our imaginary host. Frankly, the more I look at them the more I envy him his good fortune in being able to inherit or acquire in the ordinary way of commerce, at current prices, so admirable a set of plate. None of the makers are particularly famous people, with the possible exception of the Huguenot Louis Metayer, who was responsible for the four fan-shaped dishes in the centre (there are eight others still locked in the butler's pantry)—they were just good workmen carrying out the ordinary designs of their generation, and no doubt grumbling at the taxes and worried by bad debts like their descendants. In one thing they were fortunate—they were not asked by their customers to plaster their designs with meaningless ornament, nor did anyone demand great centrepieces like pastry-cooks' nightmares: a hundred years later they would have gone bankrupt out of sheer disgust.

The earliest pieces on this table are the candlesticks—two pairs very similar with grooved columns

out so well in the reproduction: had our host been better advised he would have seen to it that this extremely dignified and well-balanced piece was raised a few inches above the level of the rest, when its shapely form—thoroughly typical of its year, 1709—could be better appreciated. The glasses are the ordinary good examples of the early part of the century with heavy baluster stems.

Having gone thus far, it occurs to me that there might well be some interesting talk round this table—indeed, apart from politics, it provides a peg upon which one could very well hang a story of a bloodless social revolution, for the centre fan-shaped dishes belonged to Sir Paul Methuen, who followed his father as Ambassador to Portugal in 1706, and had helped him to conclude the famous treaty with Portugal in 1703 by which English woollens were admitted into Portugal, and in return the English Government contracted to give preferential treatment to all Portuguese wine: from which agreement dates the large consumption of Port in preference to Burgundy and Claret during the eighteenth century, and also the legendary irascibility of country squires, elderly peers, and others owing to attacks of gout. Many letters from both father and son are preserved



DINNER TIME IN 1725: A TABLE LAID WITH SILVER OF THE PERIOD—FAN-SHAPED DISHES BY LOUIS METAYER IN THE CENTRE; CANDLESTICKS OF 1698 AND 1700; AND OTHER PIECES ILLUSTRATING THE SOBER EXCELLENCE OF ÆSTHETIC STANDARDS OF THE TIME.

table-surface, for this would tend to blur the outline of the various pieces. There was no room for things like *entrée* dishes—you are requested to imagine them upon a side-table, and perhaps a noble wine-cooler out of sight upon the floor—otherwise, I am pretty confident that the amateur of silver will agree that this gives a fairly accurate notion of the sort of dinner-table one might expect to find in the house of a man of taste during the reign of George I. He will also have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the æsthetic standards of the time were of a sober excellence well worth the attention of the modern designer.

Whether wholly successful or no, this method of showing silver has, at any rate, one great virtue—it eradicates the glass-case complex and helps to change interesting specimens into things made for use and enjoyment. May I venture to suggest a modest scheme of this sort to the authorities at South Kensington?—a fine table from the Department of Woodwork, a few glasses and chairs, the immense resources of the silver collection, and the thing is done. Adequate protection would perhaps require a little ingenuity, but that is a difficulty which is not insuperable: there is no possible doubt

one of 1698, the other of 1700. The spoons are by Isaac Davenport (1701), with the long bowl which is so characteristic and delightful a feature of the period, fish-tail handles, and rat-tail backs. The smaller knives and forks have both the pistol type of handle in silver, and the larger knife—the one outside the spoon—is grooved down the handle-back. Mustard-pots are missing—not used in silver until the reign of George II. Pepper-pots have the charming little handle with the tops beautifully pierced—none of your casual dull stamped regular holes, but an agreeable arabesque design. The salts are low, sturdy, octagonal—date 1724. The circular sugar casters are of the year 1714—the octagonal set at the other end of the table eight years later. Numerous people who have firmly fixed in their mind's eye the memory of a typical Queen Anne octagonal teapot are convinced that the mode for octagonal shapes invariably preceded the no less popular fashion for the circular, so tempting is it to make an easy rule for one's own guidance and try and force facts to conform to it: the truth is the two types existed side by side for years. The cup and cover chosen for the centre of the table does not come

in the British Museum and are important sources of information for the political history of their times. Incidentally, Sir Paul would have been an odd character to meet: he died a bachelor worth a quarter of a million pounds, which was immense wealth in those days; and of that, fifty thousand were found about his house sealed up in bags—they had been there for years.

I presume the forthcoming exhibition of modern industrial designs at the Academy will include work by silversmiths of to-day: I for one shall go in the hope that I shall see many pieces that can compare with these for fine quality and good, clean lines. To show that the old traditions have not yet been lost—or, rather, have been recovered in recent years—I found recently in a "pub" in Cumberland a modern teapot and jug in aluminium of extreme simplicity: a design suited to modern conditions and obviously sold by the thousand. Louis Metayer or any of his contemporaries would have been proud to have put their mark on it, whether in silver or a base alloy. I turned both pieces upside down, expecting to find the words, "Made in Sweden": not a bit of it—it was Lancashire, so there's hope for us yet.



He said to me—the popularity of  
whiskies seems to go in cycles...



I said to him—with the exception  
of Johnnie—and he's a Walker...!



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

HAVING had a very successful season for 1934, the Triumph Company are continuing their "Gloria" cars, but have increased the engines, adding a new Vitesse model; so, while keeping the "Ten" Triumph in the 1100-c.c. class, have also a larger



'MISS ENGLAND' WITH A "GLORIA" TRIUMPH CAR: MISS JUNE LAMMAS, WHO WAS CHOSEN AS ENGLAND'S REPRESENTATIVE TO COMPETE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY AWARD.

edition in the four-cylinder 11-h.p. new "Gloria" and the six-cylinder 15.7 h.p., a two-litre model in place of the 1934 six-cylinder 12.9-h.p. engine. All the Triumph cars have a new radiator with a honey-comb pattern, very effective and attractive in appearance. The new Vitesse or "sports" models have twin carburettors and extra-tuned engines, high compression head, large valves, and high-lift cams with polished valve ports. These saloons have streamline coachwork, but give more space for the seats, while the tail locker carries the luggage, yet protects it from the effect of the weather. This is a very neat arrangement which should be examined thoroughly to appreciate its merits. In fact, all these new Triumph models have very clean lines with no ugly excrescences at the rear. Another notable

improvement is the new starter handle and its arrangement, so that one no longer barks the knuckles of the fingers if one should require to use it. This handle is also used for the permanent jacks on the chassis. The rubber Dunlopillo cushions are also another improvement to the comfort of the seats. The competition-winning Monte Carlo tourer coachwork is now available on both the "Eleven" and the "Sixteen" models. Prices range from £285 for the "Ten," £298 for the "Eleven," and £350 for the six-cylinder "Gloria" saloon, up to £385 for the six-cylinder "Vitesse."

A new 9-h.p. Riley car, styled the "Imp," is one of the novelties of the Riley Co. for 1935. It is an open two-seater well suitable for competition trials and rallies. It has a shorter wheelbase of 7 ft. 6 in., as compared with the standard "Nine" of 8 ft. 10 in., so is easier to drive round hair-pin bends and climb those freak cart-tracks beloved by the organisers of reliability trials endeavouring to find a route to make entrants lose

marks if possible. The twin carburettor and special series engine give it a maximum of 70 m.p.h. with brakes and road-holding equal to the high speed. Fitted with pre-selectagear transmission, it is listed at £325. After the end of 1934 its tax is only £6 15s. instead of £9 at present. The engine has its four cylinders of 60.3 mm. bore and 95.2 mm. stroke, and is the usual Riley design, which has proved its merits now for the past three years by winning many prizes in open competition in the hands of amateur private owners.

New cars—and old ones more especially—need new sparking-plugs. Fortunately, these important accessories are cheaper and more dependable than they were before the war. The demand for these spark creators has led the makers to produce a new K.L.G. plug at the popular price of 5s. It is intended as a cheaper alternative to their standard 6s. models. This "five-bob" K.L.G. plug is more simple in design, and naturally its range of action is not so wide as the more expensive type, but it is guaranteed to give full K.L.G. reliable performance. It is known as K.L.G. "777," and is suitable for most popular makes of cars, including Austin, Morris, Singer, Standard, Armstrong-Siddeley, Triumph, etc., as well as certain motor-cycle engines and commercial motor vehicles. Efficient sparking-plugs add greatly to the economy of motoring in allowing the engine to develop its full power out of the petrol consumed. Therefore, I find that I save money by always changing my old plugs for a new set after 10,000 miles and sometimes sooner, no matter what make of car I own at the time.



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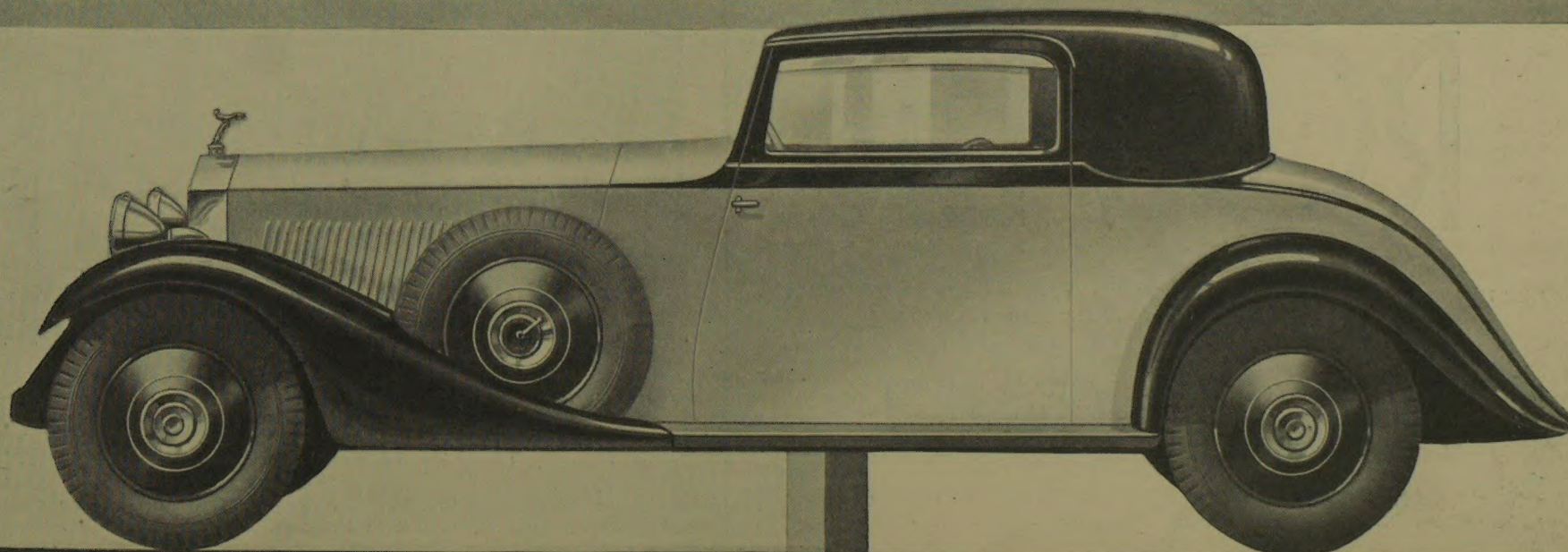


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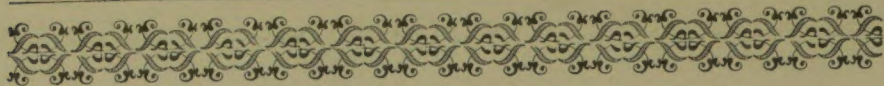
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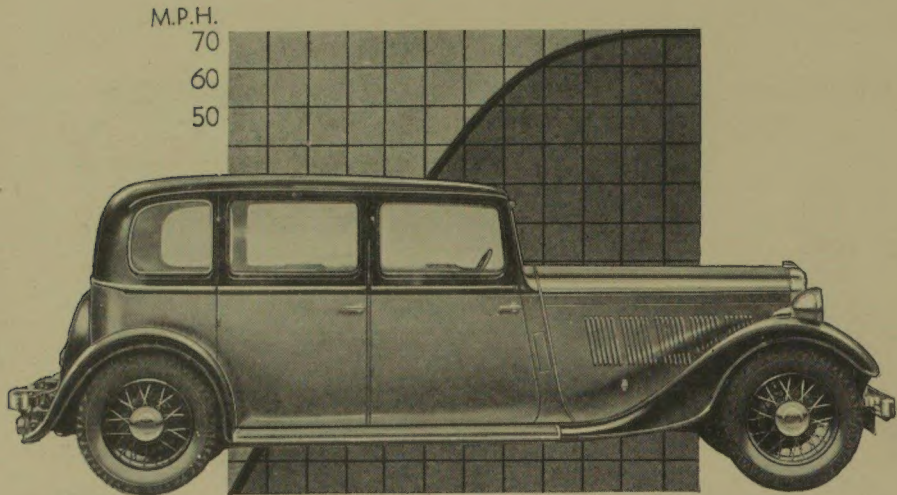
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ACCELERATION	ROVER 10	ROVER 14
from standstill to 50 m.p.h.	19-2/5 secs.	17-1/2 secs.
SPEED - - - -	66.7 m.p.h.	69 m.p.h.
BRAKING - - - -	100%	100%

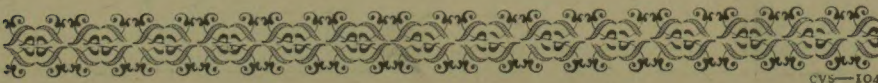
*"The engine ran smoothly and quickly up to the highest revolution speed obtainable and showed no signs of tiring after covering several laps at full throttle. The cars are extremely easy to handle—Braking deserves special praise, as it proved readily capable of recording an efficiency of 100 per cent. . . it would appear that with these brakes the theoretical limit can be definitely overstepped."*

(a road test of the new Rover 12 will appear shortly)

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## NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

### THE AUTUMN CHARMS OF AIX-LES-BAINS.

THE great advantage of Aix-les-Bains is that it is open as a spa all the year round, and it is certainly very attractive in the autumn, when the foliage of the trees, of which there are so many in the neighbourhood, begins to take on warm, rich tints, and the fruit harvest is in full progress in the surrounding countryside. The climate, too, is very agreeable then, for Aix-les-Bains is so situated—on the slopes of a pleasant hill, in the centre of a large and very picturesque valley, by the shore of Lake Bourget, in Savoy, with protecting mountains all round—that its climate is an equable one, and so mild that, despite its altitude of just over 800 ft., the vegetation resembles that of the south of France rather than that of the Alps; and on all sides you will see pomegranate, almond, fig and olive trees flourishing, whilst the vineyards of Aix-les-Bains add further testimony to the mildness of its climatic conditions.

The curative properties of the waters of Aix are proverbial. They were known to the Romans, who named the sulphur springs *Aqua Gratiæ*, and who have left several traces of their buildings there, and to French physicians of the early seventeenth century. They are sulphurous and radio-active, there are hot springs and cold, and they are famed the world over for the treatment of rheumatism and gout. The two springs which supply the *Établissement Thermal*, which is a State property, have an output of no less than five million litres daily, and the arrangements for

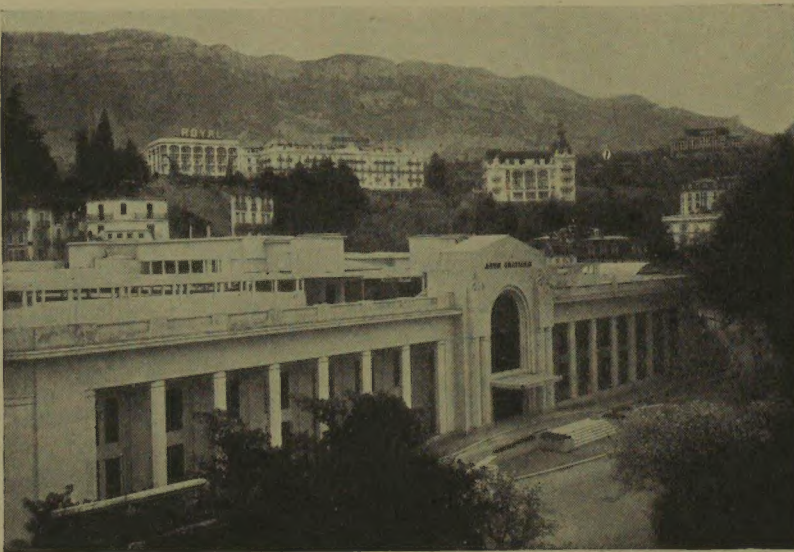


AIX-LES-BAINS: A VIEW OF THE NEW PARK IN THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN; SHOWING THE CHARMINGLY ARRANGED CONCERT HALL, WITH ITS COLONNADES AND COVERED WAY.—[Photographs supplied by the Office Français du Tourisme, London.]

taking the waters and the baths are extremely up to date; whilst the establishment itself, which stands near the foot of one of the spurs of Mont St. Revard, is a building of imposing appearance, and is quite modern—in fact, the opening of the new thermal baths was celebrated at the beginning of July this year, by the holding of an International Congress on chronic rheumatism at Aix-les-Bains.

There are, of course, various methods of treatment, but that for which Aix is specially famed is the Aix douche, or massage-douche, after which the patient is given a special vapour bath, called the Berthollet bath, in which the body is subjected to the action of natural vapours escaping at the temperature of the water and containing rare gases and sulphurous qualities. This treatment is aided by the fact that the springs emerge on a slope, which enables their water to be distributed throughout the thermal establishment at different pressures, and this ensures the retention of all the gases contained in the water with their native properties.

Aix-les-Bains is a holiday resort as well as a spa. It has two of the most beautiful casinos in France—the Grand Cercle and the Villa des Fleurs, where opera, opéra comique, and comedies are given, and balls and concerts held, and where there are tables for gaming. The facilities for sport are many—with golf, on an eighteen-hole course, numerous tennis courts, and boating and fishing on Lake Bourget, whilst there are numbers



AIX-LES-BAINS: A VIEW SHOWING THE FINE FAÇADE OF THE NEW THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT AND SOME OF THE LARGE HOTELS OF THE FAMOUS SPA.

of shady walks, with delightful scenery, and the roads in the district are so good that motoring is a great pleasure. Attractive excursions can be made from Aix by steamer, on Lake Bourget, to the Abbaye d'Haute-combe, the mausoleum of the Princes of the House of Savoy, now owned by the King of Italy; and by road to Lake Annecy, the Gorges de Sierroz, Grenoble, Chambéry, La Grande Chartreuse, the Pont de l'Abîme, La Chambotte, the Col du Chat, which towers above Lake Bourget; the Vallée des Bauges, and to Mont Revard, 5000 ft. high. For an agreeable holiday in the autumn, as well as the cure, Aix-les-Bains is just the place.



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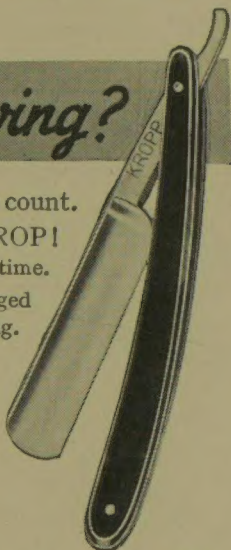
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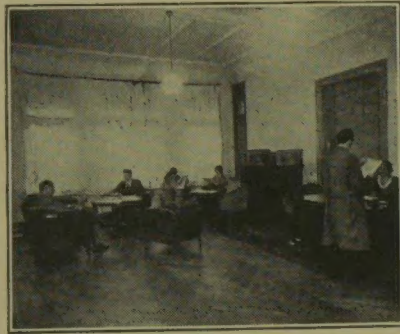
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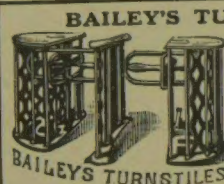
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